Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and forty-second year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: $2.00 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city.

Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

MALBONE LODGE No. 93, N. E. O. P., John Allen, Warden; James H. Goddard, Secretary; meets 1st and 3d Wednesday evenings in each month.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, James McLeish, President; Alex. McClellan, Secretary; meets 2nd and 4th Wednesday evenings of each month.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P., Albert C. Chadbourne, Chancellor Commander; Daniel P. Ball, Keeper of Records and Seals; meet every Friday evening.

DAVIS DIVISION No. 8, U. R. K. of P., Sir Knight Captain ————; Charles H. Ellis, Recorder; meets first Friday evening in each month.

Local Matters.

The January session of the common pleas division of the supreme court will open on Monday next. The session will probably be a short one. There are few cases for the grand jury to consider. The following have been summoned from this city as grand jurors: Messrs. William S. Stanhope, James Crosby, James H. Barney, Jr., George A. Weaver, Thomas B. Hassett, Benjamin D. Gladding and William G. Peckham.

A private soldier named Allen, who enlisted in East Boston about three months ago and was assigned to the Seventh Artillery at Fort Adams, was killed by a fall from his horse near the fort Thursday morning. The horse shied and threw him, and although his injuries were not believed to be serious, he was removed to the post hospital in the ambulance and died there Thursday evening.

The weather on Thursday evening was unusually hard on man and beast. Rain began falling early in the evening while the temperature was so low that it froze on striking the ground, making streets and sidewalks a mass of ice. Several bad falls were reported but with no serious results. During the night the wind shifted and the rain increased, making it a wild night to be out doors.

Steamer General of the Wickford Line fouled the hawser of a schooner at Wickford Thursday evening and as a consequence the trips yesterday had to be abandoned. The hawser became entangled in the propeller and loosened some of the bearings necessitating considerable work before she could be put into condition again. Men were at work on the vessel all Thursday night and Friday.

The agent for the Crooker Mantel & Tile Co., of Providence, Mr. H. J. Russell, is in this city every two weeks looking out for the business of his firm. He represents a thoroughly reliable and up to date house and we bespeak for him a liberal share of patronage. He has already placed a number of large contracts. The main office of this company is 230 to 232 Weybosset street.

The Philharmonic Society of this city has filed articles of incorporation with the secretary of State in Providence. Frederick Bradley, Alfred G. Langley, George Herbert Patterson, Gardner S. Perry and J. Francis Albro are the incorporators.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has paid a fine of $100 for contempt of court in New York for failure to respond to jury duty. He also made an apology to the court, saying that his failure to perform jury duty was due to a mistake.

Captain F. E. Chadwick, who commanded the New York during the Spanish war, has been ordered to special duty at the War College on Coasters' Harbor Island.

Steamer Puritan is at the south dock at Long wharf. Steamer Pilgrim and Priscilla are now in active service on the Fall River Line.

The new officers of Gen. G. K. Warren Post, G. A. R., were installed Thursday evening.

The officers of Esther Lodge No. 5, D. of R., will be installed next Wednesday evening.

A Question of Taxes.

The case of Stuyvesant Fish vs. E. W. Higbee, collector of taxes, was given a preliminary hearing by Judge Baker in the district court on Tuesday. William P. Sheffield, Jr., represented plaintiff and J. Stacy Brown the defendant. This is the case in which the supreme court refused to grant an injunction restraining the tax collector from selling certain land for non-payment of taxes. Mr. Fish therefore paid the tax under protest and brought suit to recover. The property in question is that upon which stands the stable of Mr. Fish and was purchased from the Newport Hospital, whose property is not taxable. The question at issue is whether the purchase was made before or after the assessment of the city tax for 1898.

An affidavit was submitted from Mr. Fish, stating that he did not come into possession of the land until March when the money was paid. Mr. J. Truman Burdick, treasurer of the Newport Hospital, took the stand and testified that the income of the hospital did not reach $50,000.

The defense called Tax Assessor Quinn, who testified that the stable was nearly completed when the assessors visited the place. Duncan McLean, one of the contractors, said that he had a contract with Mr. Fish to build a stable on his land, the work not to be begun before February 10. The contract was dated January 29, 1898. The stable was begun on February 14. Mr. J. Truman Burdick took the stand and was questioned closely. The deed was drawn and signed on February 14, the money was paid on March 1, and the deed was recorded on March 14. Mr. F. B. Peckham, who drew the deed, said that it remained in his safe until delivered. He wanted it delivered at once, as there had been about four months' talk over the sale.

After short pleas by Messrs. Sheffield and Brown, the court reserved its decision. The case will be carried to the higher court in any event.

A Pleasant Occasion.

The members of the degree staff of Esther Rebekah Lodge, No. 5, and many of their friends, gave a surprise party to Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Twigg at their residence on Bridge street Wednesday evening. Social games were played and prizes awarded. During the evening Mrs. John E. Holt, Jr., in behalf of the degree staff presented the Drill Master, Mr. Twigg, with a handsome pipe, as a token of their appreciation of his faithful services during the past year. Mr. Twigg was very much pleased and responded with brief remarks. A collation was served and the party left for their homes after having spent a very pleasant and enjoyable evening.

Captain Saunders Retired.

Capt. N. B. Saunders, first pilot of the steamer Puritan, will in all probability not return to active duty on the Sound steamers. It has been stated unofficially that he has been retired at his own request and will be placed on the pension list of the company. His place on the Puritan is now being filled by former Second Pilot Brightman, the latter's place being filled by Captain Fred Hamlin of the Brockton. Captain Saunders is one of the oldest officers in the service of the company, and although in the neighborhood of 70 years of age, has always been active and capable. The veteran is now at his home in Warren.

Rev. H. N. Jeter preached a sermon commemorative of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his labors with Shiloh Baptist Church at the evening service of that church on Sunday last. He told of the work that had been accomplished in that time and compared the condition of the church then and now. Five persons who were members of the church twenty-five years ago are still living.

The bowling alley that is being constructed in the basement of the armory of the Newport Artillery Company will be completed next week. The alley, which will be double, is being laid by out of town parties who make a specialty of that work, and will be first class in every respect.

A memorial address on the late James H. Taylor of this city was read at the annual meeting of the Rhode Island Pharmaceutical Association on Wednesday. Mr. Taylor was the first vice president of the association and later served two terms as president.

Henry T. Coggeshall, infant son of Dr. and Mrs. Henry T. Coggeshall, died in New York on Wednesday and the remains were brought to this city for interment.

Messrs. George Gardner, John S. Coggeshall, 2nd, and Thomas Stanhope are spending a few days in New York.

Miss Katherine Stevens is visiting friends in New Haven.

Michael Butler.

Mr. Michael Butler died at his home on Berkeley avenue at an early hour Saturday morning after an illness of long duration. He had recovered sufficiently to be out on the street occasionally, but was obliged to take to his bed a few days ago and the end came rapidly. He was born in County Kilkenny seventy one years ago, and came to this country in 1848. Three years later he started in business as florist and gardener, being engaged in the pursuit during his entire life. He was an active member of St. Mary's church and was a zealous worker in the interests of the church. He was largely instrumental in the founding of the Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society and served for 13 years as its president, at the end of that time being elected honorary president. In private life he was an honest, consistent Christian gentleman, who made many staunch friends and few enemies. He leaves one son, Mr. John J. Butler, and one daughter, Mrs. Charles J. Moore, both of whom reside in this city.

Funeral services were held at St. Mary's church on Monday morning where a solemn high mass of requiem was sung. Father Matthew Total Abstinence Society and the Newport Horticultural Society attended in a body, and, with the large number of personal friends in attendance, the church was well filled. There were many handsome floral tributes from the organizations and from personal friends. The interment was in St. Mary's cemetery, where the committal service was read by Rev. Father Deady assisted by Rev. Father Doran.

Wedding Bells.

Miss Ruth Ella Peckham and Mr. Charles John Henry Schwarz were united in marriage at Kay Chapel Wednesday afternoon, Rev. Henry Morgan Stone, rector of Trinity Church, performing the ceremony. The bride was charmingly gowned in gray and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley. She was given away by her brother, Mr. Arthur L. Peckham. The ushers were Colonel Herbert Bliss and Mr. William C. Peckham, brother of the bride. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of Mr. Truman Peckham on Newport avenue, and later Mr. and Mrs. Schwarz left on their wedding trip. They will reside in Fairhaven, Conn.

Miss Anna Catherine Ward and Mr. Charles W. Corbett were quietly married at Kay Chapel on Wednesday, none but immediate relatives being present. Rev. Henry Morgan Stone performed the ceremony, and later Mr. and Mrs. Corbett left for a short wedding trip.

Mrs. Susan Bessie Smith and Mr. Arthur A. Peckham were united in marriage at the bride's residence on Green street Tuesday evening, departing for their wedding trip immediately after the ceremony. The bride is a daughter of the late Captain John Waters.

The entertainment committee of the Newport Artillery Company finds itself very busy nowadays trying to keep up the social end of the company and its efforts are a credit to the members. The piano which was recently installed in the armory is called into use to assist in the weekly social events. A most enjoyable smoker was held after the regular drill Tuesday evening, when piano and violin selections and addresses made the evening pass very pleasantly.

A very enjoyable entertainment was given at the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association Tuesday evening by the ladies of the Women's Auxiliary. The various numbers on the programme were rendered well and were received with applause. The rooms, however, were a trifle small to accommodate the number in attendance.

Mr. William B. Bates died at his home on Bridge street Wednesday morning. He had been in poor health for some time as the result of a fall sustained some years ago while at work at his trade, which was that of a carpenter. He leaves one son, Mr. William S. Bates. He was a member of Touro Council, American Legion of Honor.

A meeting of the Miantonomi Golf Club was called for Thursday evening, but owing to the bad weather and the many entertainments on that evening there was no quorum present. A committee was appointed to interview the members on some important matters.

The present quartette choir at Trinity Church will retire on April 1. The choir consists of Mr. and Mrs. Irving P. Irons, Miss Cora Gosling and Mr. H. H. Smith.

Miss Bessie Wilson has returned to her home in Bristol.

Admiral Luce has returned to Providence for the winter.

School Committee.

Meet and Organize for the Year—Dr. Barker Re-elected Chairman—Quite a Sum of Money Needed for the Year.

The first meeting of the school committee for the year was held Monday evening, when the organization was effected. The new members were present and took their seats. Mr. William P. Sheffield, Jr., was elected temporary chairman. Dr. Christopher F. Barker was then nominated for chairman and was then elected. The committee fixed the salary of superintendent of schools and clerk of the board at $3,000 and re-elected Mr. Benjamin Baker to fill the positions.

The report of Superintendent Baker was read. It contained the following statistics of school attendance for the month ending January 5:

	Total enrollment.	Av. No. belonging.	Av. No. attending.
Rogers High School	257	239	228
Grammar Schools	738	669	631
Intermediate Schools	712	661	581
Primary and Parish	1,324	1,127	1,034
Kindergartens	249	201	162
Totals	3,280	2,819	2,586
Evening Elementary Schools	119	58	35
Evening Drawing and Bookkeeping Classes	51	32	18
Grand Totals	3,180	2,909	2,651

The report called attention to the need of new schools and the consequent larger appropriation required for supporting them. A new first intermediate school in the neighborhood of Clarke street, a new third grammar school for the second ward, and a new second grammar school will probably be needed next year. Mr. Baker also spoke of the improvement that had been made in ten years in the subject of reading, and gave a list of some of the authors and subjects included in the literary course.

The report of the finance committee was received and contained the statement of receipts and expenditures for 1899 and estimated expenditures for 1900 as follows:

The receipts for 1899 were as follows:

City appropriation,	$78,000 00
Income from Rogers fund,	4,000 00
Income from King and Medal funds,	451 34
Income from state for teachers,	5,192 26
Income from state for high school,	750 00
Income from state for evening schools,	400 00
Income from state for apparatus,	200 00
Income from poll taxes, etc.,	18 95
Tuition of non-residents,	1,558 19
Transferred from Ellen Townsend fun,	1,000 00
Excess of expenditures over receipts,	8,751 00
Total,	$98,519 16

The expenditures for 1899 were as follows:

Rogers High School,	$12,900 00
Townsend School (manual training),	3,700 00
Grammar schools,	15,517 84
Intermediate schools,	8,758 93
Primary schools,	14,056 81
Parish schools,	570 00
Kindergartens,	2,042 23
Drawing,	1,110 00
Music,	1,277 25
Evening drawing school	225 00
Evening elementary schools,	1,028 82
Supervision,	3,000 00
Clerical assistance	720 00
Janitors,	6,581 92
Repairs and improvements,	7,067 45
Fuel,	4,211 06
Cleaning and whitewashing	692 83
Furniture,	85 20
Gas,	215 54
Rent of telephones,	800 00
Books of reference,	665 62
Stationery,	86 05
Free text-books,	2,518 07
Printing and advertising,	493 82
Books for high school,	316 85
Chemicals,	17 00
Apparatus,	446 87
Supplies,	2,754 82
Incidentals,	738 81
Total,	$98,519 16

The probable expenditures for the year 1900, estimated after conference with the several standing committees, will be as follows:

Salaries: Teachers,	$67,668 00
Supervision, janitors and clerk,	10,220 00
Repairs and improvements,	5,000 00
Fuel,	4,500 00
Cleaning and whitewashing, furniture and gas,	1,350 00
Rent of telephones, books of reference and stationery,	1,225 00
Free text-books,	2,500 00
Printing and advertising, books for high school, chemicals, apparatus, and wall maps,	1,600 00
Supplies,	3,000 00
Incidentals,	900 00
Ventilation for Coddington school-house,	1,500 00
Total,	$99,463 00

Estimated receipts for 1900:

From Townsend fund,	$1,000 00
From Rogers fund,	4,000 00
From King and Medal funds,	450 00
From tuition fees,	1,000 00
From state appropriation,	5,500 00
Total,	$11,950 00
Needed from city appropriation,	$87,513 00

The finance committee and Superintendent Baker were appointed a special committee to appear before the finance committee of the city council and present estimates of the appropriation needed for 1900. A vote of thanks was extended to Miss Jane Hunt for her gift of charcoal sketches and drawings.

The following committees were appointed by the chairman:

Standing Committee.

Finance—Messrs. Clarke, Perry, Peckham.
Teachers—Messrs. Perry, Clarke, Sheffield.
Text-Books—Messrs. Porter, Stevens, Burdick.
Buildings—Messrs. Bacheller, Curley, Stevens.
Industrial School—Messrs. Sheffield, Bradley, Mrs. Sorchan.

Sub-Committee.

Rogers High School—Messrs. Bradley, Clarke, Sheffield.
Coddington School—Messrs. Perry, Bradley, Curley.
Lenthal School—Messrs. Porter, Burdick, Mrs. Sorchan.
Carey School—Messrs. Porter, Burdick, Mrs. Sorchan.
Potter School—Stevens, Bacheller, Mrs. Sorchan.
Clarke Street school—Messrs. Stevens, Bacheller, Sheffield.
Cranston Avenue school—Messrs. Perry, Peckham, Bradley.
Calvert School—Messrs. Clarke, Perry, Curley.
Willow Street school—Messrs. Stevens, Perry.
Edward and Farewell Street schools—Messrs. Porter, Peckham.
Parish School—Mr. Sheffield, Mrs. Sorchan.
Evening schools—Messrs. Peckham, Curley, Bradley.

Committees on Grades.

First Grammar—Messrs. Clarke, Porter, Bradley.
Second Grammar—Messrs. Stevens, Bacheller, Curley.
Third Grammar—Mrs. Sorchan, Mr. Peckham.
Fourth Grammar—Messrs. Clarke, Sheffield.
First Intermediate—Messrs. Stevens, Burdick.
Second Intermediate—Mrs. Sorchan, Mr. Porter.
First Primary—Messrs. Clarke, Bradley.
Second Primary—Messrs. Bacheller, Curley.
Third Primary—Messrs. Sheffield, Porter.
Kindergarten—Messrs. Perry, Peckham, Mrs. Sorchan.

A Block Island Case.

Justice Tillinghast handed down an opinion denying the motion of William S. McCotter of New Shoreham for a new trial and the removal of his case to the United States District Court, in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court Tuesday morning.

McCotter appealed from an act of the Town Council of New Shoreham condemning his land. His appeal was not recognized, the Court ruling that notice of his appeal had not reached the Town Council before the time specified in such cases had elapsed. The notice reached the Block Island Post Office on time, but the Town Clerk was prevented from getting it by reason of a snow-storm.

Last Saturday a motion to again appeal the case and remove it to the United States District Court was made before Justice Tillinghast.

Raising Rents.

A New York despatch says: Notice has been served on the leaseholders of Astor property in New York city, whose leases expire on May 1, 1900, that the ground rents will be raised from $350 a year to $750. The rentals to be increased are for the most part on property belonging to John Jacob Astor. Many of the leaseholders have protested to the Astor agents, but they were told to make whatever complaints they had in writing and these would be forwarded to Mr. Astor. Many tenants have been in possession of the property for from 20 to 40 years, having bought it on a mortgage and succeeded in paying off nearly, if not all, of the mortgage, only to find themselves in a fair way to be deprived of the savings of a life time.

The first social of the Newport County Club was given in Masonic Hall Thursday evening and notwithstanding the inclement weather the hall was well filled with members and their friends. Mr. John T. Allan and Miss Elizabeth Nuss led the grand march. Music was furnished by the Harry K. Howard Orchestra in its always pleasing manner and Mr. Joseph S. Nuss prompted. A buffet lunch was served during the evening. Dancing was enjoyed till the small hours of the morning and the first social was pronounced a success.

Mr. John W. Bacheller, janitor of the Willow street school, has gone to New York to undergo an operation for the removal of a cataract.

Portsmouth.

At Oakland Lodge, on Saturday evening last, the following officers were installed for ensuing year, by Robert Patterson, District Deputy Grand Master, and George A. Brown, Grand Marshall.

N. G.—George Calvert.
V. G.—N. Horace Peckham.
R. Sec.—Lewis R. Manchester.
Treasurer—Albert L. Walker.
F. Sec.—Emerson A. Bishop.
Con.—E. A. Coggeshall.
War.—John T. Brown.
I. G.—Richmond Bishop.
O. G.—John Peabody.
R. S. N. G.—Robert H. Manchester.
L. S. N. G.—Charles Sisson.
R. S. V. G.—James T. Barker.
L. S. V. G.—William G. Gifford.
R. S. S.—William Stewart.
L. S. S.—John T. Carr.

At the regular meeting for January, of the town council and court of probate, on Monday afternoon last, with all the members present, the following business was transacted:

In court of probate the petition of Nellie C. Almy, guardian of the person and estate of Kenneth Bemis Almy, a minor under 14 years of age, for authority to sell at private sale certain real estate was received and referred to the second Monday in February.

Jacob Almy, guardian of the person and estate of his minor children, Susan Whig Hart, Gideon Wilcox, Almy and Edna Chapell Almy, presented a petition for authority to sell, at private sale, one undivided sixty third part of certain real estate, which was referred to the second Monday in February.

Henry F. Anthony, administrator on the estate of Daniel Sullivan, presented his first and final account for allowance, and it was referred to the second Monday in February.

The petition of Isabella E. Gifford, executrix of the last will and testament of David D. Gifford, for authority to sell certain real estate at private sale, was granted, provided it be sold at a sum not less than $300. Bond was fixed at $600, with George R. Hicks as surety.

Edward R. Anthony, administrator on the estate of George P. Tallman, presented his first and final account for allowance, and it was received and referred to the second Monday in February.

In town council, on the petition of Frank R. Tallman for a license for a pool table in a building to be rented for that purpose, the petitioner was given leave to withdraw. The following bills were ordered paid: Joseph Coggeshall, for school supplies furnished, $178.66; Joseph Coggeshall, services rendered by the school committee for the year ending April 20, 1900, $30; Gideon Manchester, three months' services as tender of the draw at Stone Bridge, from September 25 to December 20, $37.50; William T. Harvey, four weeks' assistance to outside poor, $6; George E. Sisson, repairs on highway in district No. 2, $10.28; Robert H. Manchester, fees allowed town council this session, $2.50.

Mr. Lewis R. Manchester and Mr. Robert H. Manchester are painting the new addition to the house at Wilson Brook Farm.

Mr. Robert Wilcox of the Sandwich Islands, who is spending several months in Washington, has been visiting his cousin, Mr. Robert W. Anthony this week.

The teacher and pupils of the Newtown school, assisted by a few friends, will give an entertainment soon in the guild house of St. Paul's church. The proceeds are to be used to purchase maps for the schoolroom.

Dr. Harry Manchester, son of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Manchester, has opened an office at Saylesville, R. I., and has commenced practice there.

Articles of incorporation of the "Henry C. Anthony Sons Company" have been filed at the office of the secretary of state. The incorporators are Henry C. Anthony, William B. Anthony, and Eldora J. Anthony of Portsmouth. The company is founded for the purpose of transacting a seed, produce, lumber, provision and farming business; for the purpose of buying, selling and leasing real estate, and for the transaction of such other business as may arise in connection therewith, or is incidental thereto. The amount of capital stock as specified in the articles is $100,000, and the corporation is located in Portsmouth.

Tiverton.

In court of probate Henry Durfee was appointed custodian of the personal property of Harriet O. Manchester, deceased. Notice was ordered on petition of Lizzie Bell Hart that the will of Hannah E. Manchester be allowed. Inventory of the personal property of Ann Kenny was received. Albert Walmsley was appointed administrator on the estate of Thomas Omerod. William Walker was appointed administrator on the estate of John Garvey. The petition of Jane and Samuel Ormerod and Jane Kershaw was continued until the next meeting. Notice was ordered on the petition of C. Frank Seabury to be appointed executor on the will of Harriet Manchester. The annual account of Andrew J. Kirby, executor of the will of Susan Eliza Almy was continued. The inventory of the estate of Patience Durfee was allowed. Joshua T. Durfee was appointed administrator on the estate of Elizabeth Coggeshall.

Charles Cook, the oldest man in district No. 1, died Sunday, after a brief illness, aged 81 years, 4 months and 5 days.

Mrs. Mary A. Ballou, who died suddenly on the street in Fall River, Saturday evening, was formerly a resident of this town. She was a member of the Free Baptist Church, Adamsville, R. I.

The Good Government Club held its second annual meeting Saturday evening. The club is in a flourishing condition, there being a membership of more than 100 of the representative people of the town, and a balance of $32.25 in the treasury. Officers elected were: President, George L. Church; Vice President, Charles H. Potter; Second Vice President, Samuel E. Almy; Secretary-Treasurer, James W. Russell; members of the executive committee, George C. Hambly, Joseph Church, 2d, James G. Wordell, John Bright, Horace E. Almy.

Mr. E. Adams and Mr. H. H. Brett, engineers in charge of the railway bridge construction, have returned to Boston.

Barge John Henry, owned by William Beattie of Fall River, has finished work at the bridge and returned to Fall River, as there will be no more work here until the spring. C. H. Hawkins will remain during the winter in charge of the trestle machinery.

The schools in town reopened Monday after a two weeks' vacation. Charles M. Raferty, Jenny Smithies, Henry Lockinger, Frank and Mary King, scholars in district No. 4, were not absent a day during the past term.

Miss Harriet O. Manchester died Saturday at her residence, Tiverton Four Corners, after a brief illness.

Block Island.

Richard Olsen, the popular steward of the mail steamer Danielson, will be married in Providence on January 17 to Miss Anna Anderson. After a wedding journey the young couple will come to this town to reside. The ceremony will be performed at 356 South Main street at 4 o'clock. Mr. Olsen is receiving the congratulations of his many friends on Block Island.

Election of Officers.

Weenat Shassitt Club.

President—Robert L. Oman.
Vice President—John P. Steel.
Secretary—George W. Ritchie.
Treasurer—Harry M. Peabody.
Collector—Allen G. Goddard.
House Committee—Fred U. Gladding, Benjamin C. Weaver, James H. Hart.

Davis Division Uniformed Rank, K. of P.

Captain—George A. Wilcox.
First Lieutenant—William H. Langley.
Second Lieutenant—George H. Ellis.
Recorder—Everett I. Gorton.
Treasurer—Daniel P. Ball.

Newport Naval Reserve Company.

Secretary and Treasurer—Quartermaster Hilton.
Recording Secretary—Seaman Minkler.
Auditing Committee—Lieut. Lawton, Ensign Richardson and Quartermaster Steele.
House Committee—Seaman Moult, Coxswain Maler and Seaman Vero.
Finance Committee—Ensign Richardson, Quartermaster Briggs and Seaman Cameron.
Entertainment Committee—Coxswain Maler, Seaman Clarke, Graham and Steele and Coxswain Richardson.

JESS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,
Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," Etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SILAS IS CONVINCED

At first Bessie was utterly prostrated by the blow that had fallen on her, but as time went on she revived a little, for hers was a sanguine nature with a great deal of elasticity about it. Troubles sink into the souls of some like water into a sponge, and weigh them down almost to the grave. From others they run off as the water would if poured upon marble, merely wetting the surface. She was neither the one nor the other of these, but rather of a substance between the two—a healthy, happy hearted woman, full of beauty and vigor, made to bloom in the sunshine, not to languish in the shadow of some old grief. Women of her stamp do not die of broken hearts or condemn themselves to lifelong celibacy as a sacrifice to the shade of the departed. If No. 1 is unfortunately removed, they, as a general rule, shed many a tear and suffer many a pang, and after a decent interval very sensibly turn their attention to No. 2.

Still it was a very pale faced, quiet Bessie who went (round) about the place after the visit of the one eyed Hendrik. All her irritability had left her now; she no longer jumped down her uncle's throat about his having dispatched John to Pretoria. Indeed, on that very evening after the evil tidings came, he began to reproach himself bitterly in her presence for having sent her lover away, when she stopped him.

"It is God's will, uncle," she said, quietly. "You only did what it was ordained that you should do." And then she came and laid her sunny head upon the old man's shoulder and cried a little, and said that they two were all alone in the world now; and he comforted her in the best fashion he could. It was a curious thing that they neither of them thought much of Jess when they talked thus about being alone. Jess was an enigma, a thing apart even from them. When she was there she was loved and allowed to go her own way; when she was not there she seemed to fade into outer darkness. A wall came down between her and her belongings. Of course they were both very fond of her, but simple natured people are apt to shrink involuntarily from what they cannot understand, and these two were no exception. For instance, Bessie's affection for her sister was a poor thing compared to the deep and self sacrificing, though often secret, love that her sister showered upon her. She loved her old uncle far more dearly than she did Jess, and it must be owned that he returned the compliment with interest, and in those days of heavy trouble they drew nearer to each other even than before.

But as time went on they both began to hope again. No further news of John's death reached them. Was it not possible, after all, that the whole story was an invention? They knew that Frank Muller was not a man to hesitate at a lie if he had a purpose to gain, and they could guess in this case what the purpose was. His furious passion for Bessie was no secret to either of them, and it struck them as at least possible that the tale of John's death might have been invented to forward it. It was not probable, more especially as he was not present to urge his suit, but it was possible, and however cruel suspense may be, it is at least less absolutely crushing than the dead weight of certainty.

On Sunday—it was just a week after the letter came—Bessie was sitting after dinner on the veranda, when her quick ears caught what she took to be the booming of heavy guns far away on the Drakensberg. She rose, and, leaving the house, climbed the hill behind it. On reaching the top she stood and looked at the great solemn stretch of mountains. Away, a little to her right, was a square, precipitous peak called Majuba, which was generally clothed in clouds. Today, however, there was no mist, and it seemed to her that it was from the direction of this peak that the faint rolling sounds came floating on the breeze. But she could see nothing; the mountain seemed as tenantless and devoid of life as the day when it first towered up upon the face of things created. Presently the sound died away, and she returned, thinking that she must have been deceived by the echoes of some distant thunder storm.

Next day they learned from the natives that what she had heard was the sound of the big guns covering the flight of the British troops down the precipitous sides of Majuba mountain. After this old Silas Croft began to lose heart a little. The run of disaster was so unrelieved that even his robust faith in the invincibility of the English arms was shaken.

"It is very strange, Bessie," he said, "very strange; but never mind, it is bound to come right at last. Our government is not going to knock under because they have suffered a few reverses."

Then came a long four weeks of uncertainty. The air was thick with rumors, most of them brought by natives, one or two by passing Boers, to which, however, Silas Croft declined to pay any attention. Soon it became abundantly clear, however, that an armistice was concluded between the English and the Boers, but what were its terms or its object they were quite unable to decide. Silas Croft thought that the Boers, overawed by the advance of an overwhelming force, meant to give in without further fighting; but Bessie shook her head.

One day—it was the same on which John and Jess had left Pretoria—a Kaffir brought news that the armistice was at an end, that the English were advancing up to the Nek in thousands and were going to force it on the morrow and relieve the garrisons—a piece of intelligence that brought some of the old light back to Bessie's eyes. As for her uncle, he was jubilant.

"The tide is going to turn at last, my love," he said, "and we shall have our innings. Well, it is time we should, after all the shame and loss and agony of mind we have gone through. Upon my word, for the last two months I have been ashamed to call myself an Englishman. However, there is an end of it now. I knew that they would never give in and desert us," and the old man straightened his crooked back and slapped his chest and looked as proud and gallant as though he were 25 instead of 70.

The rest of that day passed without any further news, and so did the following two, but on the next, which was March 23, the storm broke.

About 11 o'clock in the forenoon Bessie was employed upon her household duties as usual, or rather she had just finished them. Her uncle had returned from making his after breakfast round upon the farm and was standing in the sitting room, his broad felt hat in one hand and a red pocket handkerchief in the other, with which he was polishing his bald head, while he chatted to Bessie through the open door.

"No news of the advance, Bessie dear?"

"No, uncle," she replied, with a sigh, and her blue eyes filling with tears, for she was thinking of one of whom there was also no news.

"Well, never mind. These things take a little time, especially with our soldiers, who move so slowly. I dare say that there was some delay waiting for guns or ammunition or something. I expect that we shall hear something by tonight"——

He got as far as this, when suddenly the figure of Jantje appeared, flying up the passage in the extremity of terror and haste.

"De Boeren, baas, de Boeren!" (The Boers, master, the Boers) he shouted. "The Boers are coming with a wagon, twenty of them or more, with Frank Muller at their head on his black horse, and Hans Coetzee and the wizard with one eye with him. I was hiding behind a tree at the end of the avenue, and I saw them coming over the rise. They are going to take the place," and, without waiting to give any further explanations, he slipped through the house and hid himself up somewhere at the back out of the way, for Jantje, like most Hottentots, was a sad coward.

The old man stopped rubbing his head and stared at Bessie, who was standing pale and trembling in the doorway. Just then he heard the patter of running feet on the drive outside, and looked out of the window. It was caused by the passing of some half dozen Kaffirs who were working on the place, and who, on catching sight of the Boers, had promptly thrown down their tools and were flying to the hills. Even as they passed a shot was fired somewhere from the direction of the avenue, and the last of the Kaffirs, a lad of about twelve, suddenly threw up his hands and pitched forward on his face, with a bullet between his shoulder blades.

Bessie heard the shout of "Good shot, good shot!" and the brutal laughter that greeted his fall, and the tramping of the horses as they came up the drive.

"Oh, uncle!" she said, "what shall we do?"

The old man made no answer at the moment, but going to a rack upon the wall, reached down a Westley-Richards falling block rifle that hung there. Then he sat down in a wooden arm chair that faced the French window opening on the veranda, and beckoned to her to come to him.

"We will meet them so," he said. "They shall see that we are not afraid of them. Don't be frightened, dear, they will not dare to harm us; they will be afraid of the consequences of harming English people."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when the cavalcade began to appear in front of the window, led, as Jantje had said, by Frank Muller on his black horse, accompanied by Hans Coetzee on the fat pony and the villainous looking Hendrik mounted on a nondescript sort of animal, and carrying a gun and an assegai in his hand. Behind these were a body of about fifteen or sixteen armed men, among whom Silas Croft recognized most of his neighbors, by whose side he had lived for years in peace and amity.

Opposite the house they stopped and began looking about. They could not see into the room at once on account of the bright light outside and the shadow within.

"I fancy you will find the birds flown, nephew," said the fat voice of Hans Coetzee. "They have got warning of your little visit."

"They cannot be far," answered Muller. "I have had them watched, and know that they have not left the place. Get down, uncle, and look in the house, and you too, Hendrik."

The Kaffir obeyed with alacrity, tumbling out of his saddle with all the grace of a sack of coals, but the Boer hesitated.

"Uncle Silas is an angry man," he ventured; "he might shoot if he found me poking about his house."

"Don't answer me!" thundered Muller; "get down and do as I bid you!"

"Ah, what a devil of a man!" murmured the unfortunate Hans as he hurried to obey.

Meanwhile Hendrik the one eyed had jumped upon the veranda and was peering through the windows.

"Here they are, baas; here they are!" he sang out; "the old cock and the pullet, too!" and he gave a kick to the window, which, being unlatched, swung wide open, revealing the old man sitting there in his wooden armchair with Bessie standing at his side, his rifle on his knees, and holding his fair haired niece by the hand. Frank Muller dismounted and came on to the veranda, and behind him crowded up a dozen or more of his followers.

"What is it that you want, Frank Muller, that you come to my house with all these armed men?" asked Silas Croft from his chair.

"I call upon you, Silas Croft, to surrender to take your trial as a land betrayer and a rebel against the republic," was the answer. "I am sorry," he added, with a bow toward Bessie, on whom his eyes had been fixed all the time, "to be obliged to take you prisoner in the presence of a lady, but my duty gives me no choice."

"I do not know what you mean," said the old man. "I am a subject of Queen Victoria and an Englishman. How then, can I rebel against any republic? I am an Englishman, I say," he went on with rising anger, speaking so high that his powerful voice rang until every Boer there could hear it, "and I acknowledge the authority of no republics. This is my house, and I order you to leave it. I claim my rights as an Englishman"——

"Here," interrupted Muller, coldly, "Englishmen have no rights, except such as we choose to allow them."

"Shoot him!" cried a voice.

"Treat him as Buskes treated Van der Linden at Potchefstroom!" cried another.

"Yes, make him swallow the same pill that we gave to Dr. Barber," put in a third.

"Silas Croft, are you going to surrender," asked Muller, in the same cold voice.

"No!" thundered the old man in his English pride. "I surrender to no rebels in arms against the queen. I will shoot the first man who tries to lay a finger on me!" and he rose to his feet and lifted his rifle.

"Shall I shoot him, baas!—shall I shoot him?" asked the one eyed Hendrik, smacking his lips at the thought, and fiddling with the rusty lock of the old fowling piece he carried.

Muller, by way of answer, struck him across the face with the back of his hand. "Hans Coetzee," he said, "go and arrest that man."

Poor Hans hesitated, as well he might. Nature had not endowed him with any great amount of natural courage, and the sight of his old neighbor's rifle barrel made him feel positively sick. He hesitated and began to stammer excuses.

"Are you going, uncle, or must I denounce you to the general as a sympathizer with Englishmen?" asked Muller, in malice, for he knew the old fellow's weaknesses and cowardice, and was playing on them.

"I am going. Of course I am going, nephew. Excuse me; a little faintness took me—the heat of the sun," he babbled. "Oh, yes, I am going to seize the rebel. Perhaps one of those young men would not mind engaging his attention on the other side. He is an angry man—I know him of old—and an angry man with a gun, you know, dear nephew"——

"Are you going?" said his terrible master once more.

"Oh, yes! certainly yes. Dear Uncle Silas, pray put down that gun, it is so dangerous. Don't stand there looking like a wild ox, but come up to the yoke. You are old, Uncle Silas, and I don't want to have to hurt you. Come now, come, come," and he held out his hand toward him as though he were a shy horse that he was endeavoring to beguile.

"Hans Coetzee, traitor and liar that you are," said the old man, "if you come a step nearer, by God! I will put a bullet through you!"

"Go on, Hans; chuck a reim over his head; get him by the tail; knock him down with a yoke-skei; turn the old bull on his back!" shouted the crowd of scoffers from the window, taking very good care, however, to clear off to the right and left in order to leave room for the expected bullet.

Hans positively burst into tears, and Muller, who was the only one who held his ground, caught him by the arm, and, putting out all his strength, swung him toward Silas Croft.

For reasons of his own he was anxious that the latter should shoot one of them, and he chose Hans Coetzee, whom he disliked and despised, for the sacrifice.

Up went the rifle, and at that moment Bessie, who had been standing bewildered, made a dash at it, knowing that bloodshed could only make matters worse. As she did so it exploded, but not before she had shaken her uncle's arm, for instead of killing Hans, as it

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undoubtedly would otherwise have done, the ball only cut his ear and then passed out through the open window place. In an instant the room was filled with smoke. Hans Coetzee clapped his hand to his head, and commenced to yell with pain and terror, and in the confusion that ensued three or four men, headed by the Kaffir Hendrik, rushed into the room and sprang upon Silas Croft, who had retreated to the wall and was standing with his back against it, his rifle, which he held clubbed in both his hands, raised above his head.

When his assailants got close to him they hesitated, for, old and hurt as he was, the old man looked fierce [illegible]. He stood there like a lion and swung the rifle stock about. Presently one of the men struck at him and missed him, but before he could retreat Silas brought down the stock of his rifle on his head and down he went like an ox beneath a poleax. Then they closed on him, but for a while he kept them off, knocking down another man in his efforts. As he did so the witch doctor, Hendrik, who had been watching for his opportunity, brought down the barrel of his old fowling piece upon Silas' bald head and felled him. Fortunately the blow was not a very heavy one or it would have caved his skull in. As it was it only cut his head open and knocked him down.

AS SHE DID SO IT EXPLODED.

Thereon the whole mass of Boers, with the exception of Muller, who was standing watching, seeing that he was now defenseless, fell upon him and would have kicked him to death had not Bessie precipitated herself upon him with a cry and thrown her arms about him to protect him.

Then Frank Muller interfered, fearing lest she should be hurt. Plunging into the fray with a curse, he exercised his great strength, throwing the men this way and that like ninepins and finally dragging Silas to his feet again.

"Come!" he shouted, "take him out of this;" and accordingly, with taunts and obloquy, the poor old man, whose fringe of white locks was red with blood, was kicked and dragged and pushed on to the veranda, then off it on to the drive, where he fell over the body of the murdered Kaffir boy, and finally hauled up to the open space by the flagstaff, on which the Union Jack, that he had planted there some two months before, still waved bravely in the breeze. Here he sank down upon the grass, his back against the flagstaff, and asked faintly for some water. Bessie, who was weeping bitterly, and whose heart felt as though it were bursting with anguish and indignation, pushed her way through the men, and, running to the house, got some in a glass and brought it to him. One of the brutes tried to knock it out of her hand, but she avoided him and gave it to her uncle, who drank it greedily.

"Thank you, love, thank you," he said; "don't be frightened, I ain't much hurt. Ah! if only John had been here, and we had had an hour's notice, we would have held the place against them all."

Meanwhile one of the Boers, getting on the shoulders of another, had succeeded in untying the cord on which the Union Jack was bent and hauling it down. Then they reversed it and hoisted it half mast high, and began to cheer for the republic.

"Perhaps Uncle Silas does not know that we are a republic again now," said one of the men, a near neighbor of his own, in mockery.

"What do you mean by a republic?" asked the old man. "The Transvaal is a British colony."

There was a hoot of derision at this. "The English government has surrendered," said the same man. "The country is given up, and the British are to evacuate it in six months."

"It is a lie!" said Silas, springing to his feet, "a cowardly lie! Whoever says that the English have given up the country to a few thousand blackguards like you, and deserted its subjects and the loyals and the natives, is a liar—a liar from hell!"

There was another howl of mockery at this outburst, and when it had subsided Frank Muller stepped forward.

"It is no lie, Silas Croft," he said; "and the cowards are not we Boers, who have beaten you again and again, but your soldiers, who have done nothing but run away, and your government, that follows the example of your soldiers. Look here"—and he took a paper out of his pocket—"you know that signature, I suppose; it is one of the triumvirate. Listen to what he says," and he read aloud:

"WELL BELOVED HEER MULLER—This is to inform you that, by the strength of our arms fighting for the right and freedom, and also by the cowardice of the British government, generals and soldiers, we have by the will of the Almighty concluded this day a glorious peace with the enemy. The British government surrenders nearly everything except in the name. The republic is to be reestablished, and the soldiers who are left will leave the land within six months. Make this known to every one, and forget not to thank God for our glorious victories."

The Boers shouted aloud, as well they might, and Bessie wrung her hands. As for the old man, he leaned against the flagstaff, and his gory head sank upon his breast as though he were about to faint. Then suddenly he lifted it, and, with clinched and quivering fists held high in the air, broke out into such a torrent of blasphemy and cursing that even the Boers fell back for a moment, dismayed into silence by the force of the fury wrung from his utter humiliation.

It was an appalling sight to see this good and God fearing old man, his face bruised, his gray hairs dabbled with blood and his clothes nearly rent from his body, stamp and reel to and fro, blaspheming his Maker and the day that he was born; hurling execrations at his beloved country and the name of Englishman and the government that had deserted him, till at last nature gave out, and he fell in a fit, there, in the very shadow of his dishonoral flag.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BESSIE IS PUT TO THE QUESTION.

Meanwhile another little tragedy was being enacted at the back of the house. After the one eyed witch doctor Hendrik had knocked Silas Croft down and assisted in the pleasing operation of dragging him to the flagstaff, it had occurred to his villainous heart that the present would be a good opportunity to profit personally by the confusion, and possibly to add to the Englishman's misfortunes by doing him some injury on his own account. Accordingly, just before Frank Muller began to read the dispatch announcing the English surrender, he slipped away into the house, which was now totally deserted, to see what he could steal. Passing into the sitting room, he annexed Bessie's gold watch and chain, which was lying on the mantelpiece, a present that her uncle had made her on the Christmas day before the last. Having pocketed this he proceeded to the kitchen, where there was a goodly store of silver forks and spoons that Bessie had been engaged in cleaning that morning, lying on the dresser ready to be put away. These he also transferred, to the extent of several dozens, to the capacious pockets of the tattered military great coat that he wore. While doing so he was much disturbed by the barking of the dog Stump, the same animal that had mauled him so severely a few weeks before, and who was now, as it happened, tied up in his kennel—an old wine barrel—just outside the kitchen door. Hendrik peeped out of the window, and having ascertained that the dog was secured, proceeded, with a diabolical chuckle, to settle his account with the poor animal. He had left his gun behind on the grass, but he still held his assegai in his hand, and, going out of the kitchen door with it, he showed himself within a few feet of the kennel. The dog recognized him instantly, and went nearly mad with fury, making the most desperate efforts to break its chain and get at him. For some moments he stood exciting the animal by derisive gestures and pelting it with stones, till at last, fearing that the clamor would attract attention, he suddenly transfixed it with his spear, and then, thinking that he was quite unobserved, sat down and snuffed and enjoyed the luxury of watching the poor beast's last agonies.

But, as it happened, he was not quite alone, for, creeping along in the grass and rubbish that grew on the further side of the wall, his brown body squeezed tightly against the brown stones—so tightly that an unpracticed eye would certainly have failed to observe it at a distance of a dozen paces—was the Hottentot Jantje. Occasionally, too, he would lift his head above the level of the wall and observe the proceedings of the one eyed man. Apparently he was undecided what to do, for he hesitated a little, and while he did so Hendrik killed the dog.

Now Jantje had all a Hottentot's natural love for animals, which is, generally speaking, as marked as is the Kaffir's callousness toward them, and he was particularly fond of the dog Stump, which always went out walking with him on those rare occasions when he thought it safe or desirable to walk like an ordinary man, instead of creeping from bush to bush like a panther, or wriggling through the grass like a snake. The sight of the animal's death, therefore, raised in his black breast a very keen desire for vengeance on the murderer, if vengeance could be safely accomplished; and he paused to reflect if this could be done. As he did so Hendrik got up, gave the dead dog a kick, withdrew his assegai from the carcass, and then, as though struck by a sudden desire to conceal the murder, undid the collar, and, lifting the dog in his arms, carried him with difficulty into the house and laid him under the kitchen table. This done he came out again to the wall, which was built of loose, unmortared stones, pulled one out without trouble, deposited the watch and the silver he had stolen in the cavity, and replaced the stone. Next, before Jantje could guess what he meant to do, he proceeded to make it practically impossible for his robbery to be discovered, or, at any rate, very improbable, by lighting a match, and, having first glanced round to see that nobody was looking, reaching up and applying it to the thick thatch with which the house itself was roofed, and of which the fringe just here was not more than nine feet from the ground. No rain had fallen at Mooifontein for several days, and there had been a hot sun and dry wind, and, as a result, the thatch was as dry as tinder. The light caught in a second, and in two more a thin line of fire was running up the roof.

Hendrik paused, stepped a few paces back, resting his shoulders against the wall, immediately the other side of which was Jantje, and proceeded to chuckle aloud and rub his hands as he admired the results of his handiwork. This was too much for the Hottentot on the farther side. The provocation was too great, and so was the opportunity. In his hand was the thick stick on which he was so fond of cutting notches. Raising it in both hands he brought the heavy knob down with all his strength upon the one eyed villain's unprotected skull. It was a thick skull, but the knob prevailed against it and fractured it, and down went the estimable witch doctor as though he were dead.

Next, taking a leaf out of his fallen enemy's book, Jantje slipped over the wall, and, seizing the senseless man, dragged him by one arm into the kitchen and rolled him under the table to keep company with the dead dog. Then, filled with a fearful joy, he slipped out, shutting and locking the door behind him, and crept round to a point of vantage in a little plantation seventy or eighty yards to the right of the house, whence he could watch the conflagration that he knew must ensue, for the fire had taken instant and irremediable hold, and also see what the Boers were doing.

Ten minutes or so afterward that amiable character Hendrik partially regained his senses, to find himself surrounded by a sea of fire, in which he perished miserably, not having power to move, and his feeble cries being totally swallowed up and lost in the fierce roaring of the flames, even had there been anybody there to hear them. And that was the very appropriate end of Hendrik and the magic of Hendrik.

Down by the flagstaff the old man lay in his fit, with Bessie tending him and a posse of Boers standing round, smoking and laughing or lounging about with an air of lordly superiority well worthy of victors in possession.

"Will none of you help me to take him to the house?" she cried. "Surely you have ill treated an old man enough."

Nobody stirred, not even Frank Muller, who was gazing at her tear stained face with a fierce smile playing round the corners of his clean cut mouth, which his beard was trimmed to leave clear.

"It will pass, Miss Bessie," he said; "it will pass. I have often seen such fits. They come from too much excitement, or too much drink"——

Suddenly he broke off with an exclamation, and pointed to the house, from the roof of which pale curls of blue smoke were rising.

"Who has fired the house?" he shouted. "By Heaven! I will shoot the man."

The Boers started round and stared in astonishment, and as they did so the tinder like roof burst into a broad sheet of flame that grew and gathered breadth and height with an almost marvelous rapidity. Just then, too, a light breeze sprang up from over the hill at the rear of the house, as it sometimes did at this time of the day, and bent the flames over toward them in an immense arch of fire, so that the fumes and heat and smoke began to beat upon their faces.

"Oh, the house is burning down!" cried Bessie, utterly bewildered by this new misfortune.

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

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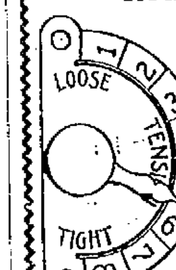

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Leave	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Newport	*10 00	*1 20	*1 10	*7 35
Providence ar	11 50	3 18	5 50	9 50
Boston, ar	1 18	4 30	7 00	11 00
New York	4 30	6 57	11 00	11
	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Leave	A. M.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
New York	†12 02	8 00	*10 02	*1 02
Boston	......	10 03	1 03	3 00
Providence	......	11 11	2 10	4 15
Newport, ar	8 35	1 00	4 00	6 40
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

*Daily except Sundays.

†Washington Express due Harlem River Station, New York, 2.05 a. m., Philadelphia, 6.40 a. m.; Baltimore, 9.20 a. m.; Washington, 10.32 a. m.

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SUNDAYS, for BOSTON, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. Return 6.27, 8.15 a. m., 12.15, 4.28, p. m. For PROVIDENCE, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00 p. m. Return 7.50, 9.50 a. m., 1.50, 5.50, 6.50 p. m. For PORTSMOUTH GROVE, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, c9.15 p. m. For Middletown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Tiverton, Fall River, Somerset, Dighton, North Dighton, Weir Village, and Taunton, 7.00, 11 a. m., 3.00, 5.00, c9.15 p. m. New Bedford, 7.00, 11.00 a. m., 5 p. m.

aBoat from Fall River

cWharf Station.

A. C. KENDALL, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Boston.
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OFFICIAL TIME TABLE.

Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company.

Leave Fall River for Newport—**6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m.; 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, *9.15, *10.15 p. m.

Leave Newport for Fall River—**7.15, 8.15, 9.15, 10.15, 11.15 a. m.; 12.15, 1.15, 2.15, 3.15, 4.15, 5.15, 6.15, 7.15, 8.15, 9.15, *10.15 p. m.

*To Portsmouth car house only.

**Not run Sunday.

Running time between City Hall, Fall River, and Newport, 90 minutes.

Last car for Fall River leaves Newport (Bull Street) at 9.15 p. m.

Last car for Newport leaves Fall River at 8.15 p. m.

Last car for Portsmouth car house leaves Fall River at 10.15 p. m.

Last car for Portsmouth car house leaves Newport at 10.15 p. m.

More frequent trips will be run Saturdays, Sundays and holidays when pleasant.

Subject to delays, changes and corrections without notice.

Office at Portsmouth, R. I., is connected with long distance telephone. Special cars may be had upon application at the office of this company or at the office of the Globe Street Railway Co., at Fall River.

R. S. GOFF, General Manager.

Jess

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWO.)

"Here, you!" shouted Muller to the gaping Boers, "go and see if anything can be saved. Phew! we must get out of this," and, stooping down, he picked up Silas Croft in his arms and walked off with him, followed by Bessie, toward the plantation on their left, which was the same where Jantje had taken refuge. In the center of this plantation was a little glade surrounded by young orange and blue gum trees. Here he put the old man down upon a bed of dead leaves and soft, springy grass, and then hurried away, without a word, to the fire, only to find that the house was utterly unapproachable. In fifteen minutes, such was the rapidity with which the flames did their work upon the mass of dry straw and the wooden roof and floorings beneath, the whole of the interior of the house was a glowing, incandescent pile, and in half an hour it was completely gutted, nothing being left standing but the massive outer walls of stone, over which a dense column of smoke hung like a pall. Mooifontein was a blackened ruin; only the stables and outhouses, which were roofed with galvanized iron, being left uninjured.

Frank Muller had not been gone five minutes when, to Bessie's joy, her uncle opened his eyes and sat up.

"What is it? what is it?" he said. "Ah! I recollect. What is all this smell of fire? Surely they have not burned the place?"

"Yes, uncle," sobbed Bessie, "they have."

The old man groaned. "It took me ten years to build, bit by bit, almost stone by stone, and now they have destroyed it. Well, why not? God's will be done! Give me your arm, love; I want to get to the water. I feel faint and sick."

She did as he bade her, sobbing bitterly. Within fifteen yards, on the edge of the plantation, was a little spruit or runnel of water, and of this he drank copiously and bathed his wounded head and face.

"There, love," he said, "don't fret; I feel quite myself again. I fear I made a fool of myself. I haven't learned to bear misfortune and dishonor as I should yet, and, like Job, I felt as though God had forsaken us. But, as I said, his will be done. What is the next move, I wonder? Ah! we shall soon know, for here comes our friend Frank Muller."

"I am glad to see that you have recovered, uncle," said Muller, politely, "and I am sorry to have to tell you that the house is beyond help. Believe me, if I knew who fired it I would shoot him. It was not my wish or intention that the property should be destroyed."

The old man merely bowed his head and made no answer. His fiery spirit seemed to be crushed out of him.

"What is it your pleasure that we should do, sir?" said Bessie at last. "Perhaps, now that we are ruined, you will allow us to go to Natal, which, I suppose, is still an English country?"

"Yes, Miss Bessie, Natal is still English, for the present; soon it will be Dutch; but I am sorry that I cannot let you go there now. My orders are to keep you both prisoners and to try your uncle by court martial. The wagon house," he went on, quickly, "with the two little rooms on each side of it, has not been touched by the fire. I will have them made ready for you, and as soon as the heat is less you can go there;" and, turning to the men who had followed him, he gave some rapid orders, which two of them departed to carry out.

Still the old man made no comment; he did not even seem indignant or surprised; but poor Bessie was utterly prostrated and stood helpless, not knowing what to say to this terrible, remorseless man, who stood so calm and unmoved there before them.

Frank Muller paused a while to think, stroking his beard as he did so, then turned again and addressed the two remaining men behind him.

"You will keep guard over the prisoner," indicating Silas Croft, "and suffer none to communicate with him by word or sign. As soon as it is ready you will place him in the little room to the left of the wagon house, and see that he is supplied with all he wants. If he escapes, or converses, or is ill treated, I will hold you responsible. Do you understand?"

"Yah, meinheer," was the answer.

"Very good; be careful you do not forget. And now, Miss Bessie, I shall be glad if you can give me a word alone"—

"No," said Bessie; "no, I will not leave my uncle."

"I fear you will have to do that," he said, with his cold smile. "I beg you to think again. It will be very much to your advantage to speak to me, and to your uncle's advantage also. I should advise you to come."

Bessie hesitated. She hated and mistrusted the man, as she had good reason to do, and feared to trust herself alone with him.

While she hesitated the two Boers under whose watch and ward Muller had placed her uncle came and stood between him and her, cutting her off from him. Muller turned and walked a few paces—ten or so—to the right, and in desperation she followed him. He halted behind a bushy orange tree of some eight years' growth. Overtaking him, she stood silent waiting for him to begin. They were quite close to the others, but the roaring of the flames of the burning house was still sufficiently loud to have drowned a much more audible conversation than theirs.

"What is it you have to say to me?" she said at length, pressing her hand against her heart to still its beating. Her woman's instinct told her what was coming and she was trying to nerve herself to meet it.

"Miss Bessie, he said slowly, "it is this. For years I have loved you and wanted to marry you. I again ask you to be my wife."

"Mr. Frank Muller," she answered, her spirit rising to the occasion, "I thank you for your offer, and the only answer that I can give you is that I once and for all decline it."

"Think," he said, "I love you as women are not often loved. You are always in my mind by day and by night, too. Everything I do, every step I go up the ladder, I have said and say to myself, 'I am doing it for Bessie Croft, whom I mean to marry.' Things have changed in this country. The rebellion has been successful. It was I who gave the casting vote for it that I might win you. I am now a great man and shall one day be a greater. You will be great with me. Think what you say."

"I have thought, and I will not marry you. You dare to come and ask me to marry you over the ashes of my home, out of which you have dragged me and my poor old uncle! I hate you, I tell you, and I will not marry you! I had rather marry a Kaffir than marry you, Frank Muller, however great you may be."

"I WOULD RATHER MARRY A KAFFIR THAN MARRY YOU, FRANK MULLER."

He smiled. "Is it because of the Englishman Niel that you will not marry me? He is dead. It is useless to cling to a dead man."

"Dead or alive, I love him with all my heart; and if he is dead, it is at the hands of your people, and his blood rises up between us."

"His blood has sunk down into the sand. He is dead, and I am glad that he is dead. Once more, is that your last word?"

"It is."

"Very good. Then I tell you that you shall marry me or"—

"Or what?"

"Or your uncle, the old man you love so much, shall die!"

"What do you mean?" she said, in a choked voice.

"What I say; no more and no less. Do you think that I will let one old man's life stand between me and my desire? Never. If you will not marry me, Silas Croft shall be put upon his trial for attempted murder and for treason within an hour from this. Within an hour and a half he shall be condemned to die, and to-morrow at dawn he shall die, by warrant under my hand. I am commandant here, with power of life and death, and I tell you that he shall certainly die—and his blood will be on your head."

Bessie grasped at the tree for support.

"You dare not," she said; "you dare not murder an innocent old man."

"Dare not!" he answered; "you must understand me very ill, Bessie Croft, when you talk of what I dare not do for you. There is nothing," he added, with a thrill of his rich voice, "that I dare not do to gain you. Listen; promise to marry me to-morrow morning. I will get a clergyman here from Wakkerstroom, and your uncle shall go free as air, though he is a traitor to the land, and though he has tried to shoot a burgher after the declaration of peace. Refuse, and he dies. Choose now."

"I have chosen," she answered with passion. "Frank Muller, perjured traitor—yes, murderer that you are, I will not marry you!"

"Very good, very good, Bessie; as you will. But now one more thing. You shall not say that I have not warned you. If you persist in this your uncle shall die, but you shall not escape me. You will not marry me! Well, even in this country, where I can do most things, I cannot force you to do that. But I can force you to be my wife in all but the name without marriage; and this, when your uncle is stiff in his bloody grave, I will do. You shall have one more chance after the trial, and one only. If you refuse he shall die, and then, after his death, I shall take you away by force, and in a week's time you will be glad enough to marry me to cover up your shame, my pretty!"

"You are a devil, Frank Muller, a wicked devil; but I will not be frightened into dishonor by you. I had rather kill myself. I trust to God to help me. I will have nothing to do with you;" and she put her hands before her face and burst into tears.

"You look lovely when you weep," he said, with a laugh; "to-morrow I shall be able to kiss away your tears. As you will. Here, you!" he shouted to some men, who could be seen watching the progress of the dying fire, "come here."

Some of the men obeyed, and he proceeded to give instructions in the same terms that he had given to the other two men who were watching old Silas, ordering Bessie to be instantly incarcerated in the corresponding little room on the other side of the wagon house, and kept strictly from all communication with the outside world, adding, however, these words:

"Bid the burghers assemble in the wagon house for the trial of the Englishman, Silas Croft, for treason against the state and attempted murder of one of the burghers of the state in the execution of the commands of the triumvirate."

The two men advanced and seized Bessie by both arms. Then, faint and overpowered, she was led through the little plantation, over a gap in the garden wall, down past the scorched syringa trees that lined the roadway that ran along the hillside at the back of the still burning house, till they reached the wagon house with the two little rooms which served respectively as a store and harness room. She was then thrust into the store room, which was half full of loose potatoes and mealies in sacks, and the door locked upon her.

There was no window to this room, and the only light in it was such as found its way through the chinks of the door and an air hole in the masonry of the back wall. She sank on a half emptied sack of mealies and tried to reflect. Her first idea was of escape, but she soon realized that that was a practical impossibility. The stout, yellow wood door was locked upon her, and a sentry stood before it. She rose and looked through the air hole in the rear wall, but there another sentry was posted. Then she turned her attention to the side wall that divided the room from the wagon house. It was built of fourteen inch green brickwork, and had cracked from the shrinkage of the bricks, so that she could hear anything that went on in the wagon house, and even see anybody who might be moving about in it. But it was far too strong for her to hope to be able to break through, and even if she did, it would be useless, for there were armed men there also. Besides how could she run away and leave her old uncle to his fate?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An Artistic Failure.

"Never!" said the stern-faced father to the fair-faced daughter, who stood before him in an attitude of petition. "You have brought me the surprise and disappointment of my life. Marry a Smith! I say most emphatically and decidedly, no! That is final, my child. We trace back beyond the flood and through a royal line. We were among the first to visit the shores of this new world and among the earliest settlers of Detroit. Have you no pride; no proper sense of your importance? Has it come to a point where I must exercise paternal authority in such a matter?"

"Oh, I guess the Smith family is as old as it is numerous," for the girl has a dash of American independence. "No Indian maiden ever saved any of our family in the early history of the country, that I can discover, and if you make it an issue, I'll undertake to show that the Smiths have all the best of it."

Now the old gentleman's face was red, and his eyes were snapping. It has been his way to cow his family by dramatic action, and in this case he wanted to throw in a little of the melodramatic. To do this he must be upon his feet, and have room. He sprung forward with the air of a tragedian, but he was in one of those narrow chairs with a frayed cane bottom and stiff arms. The chair clung to him as he leaped and he looked too ridiculous for words. He swore violently. The daughter screamed with laughter. His supreme dramatic effort was a howling farce, and he collapsed.

"Smith" is on the cards.

Needed in the Business

"I say," said the business man to the detective, "some fellow has been representing himself as a collector of ours. He has been taking in more money than any two of the men we have and I want him collared as quickly as you can."

"All right: I'll have him in jail in less than a week."

"Great Scot, man! I don't want to get him in jail; I want to engage him."—San Francisco Examiner.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, tell me what the principal commodities of the State of Delaware are.

Tommy (who reads the newspapers) The failure of the peach crop.—The Philadelphia Record.

GOOD COOKERY

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FRESH WATER FISH.

By Louis Reh.

Almost any one can, at this season of the year, obtain and enjoy a meal of such fresh water fish as are common in this northern country in the winter season, but even so common a thing as pickerel and perch should be well cooked to be enjoyable. We all relish fried pickerel and perch, done brown in pork fat, with pork scraps on the side, as the waiter at the restaurant styles it, but we can get too much of a good thing and desire a change at times. Other ways of cooking these fish require more care and attention, but the effort will repay you by its desirable results.

Before considering the cooking let me suggest the easiest and best way to remove the scales from a pickerel or perch, and the same rule will apply to a lake trout or any other thick-skinned fish. Place the fish in the sink over a large dish and pour over it on all sides boiling water and then the scales will easily be removed by scraping with a sharp knife. In the case of a lake trout you also remove by scraping from head to tail much of the oil that is in the skin and which is objectionable to many.

PICKEREL STUFFED AND BAKED.

Having scaled the fish as above, draw it, removing the gills and wipe well with a dry, clean cloth; fill the paunch with well-seasoned veal stuffing, sew it up with a trussing needle and fine string, make several incisions in the sides and place in a baking pan; season with pepper and salt, chopped parsley and a few mushrooms, a small onion and a large piece of fresh butter—six to eight ounces if you have a large fish—moisten with the juice of one lemon and a little white stock, cover with buttered paper and bake till well done, basting frequently with its own liquor. If you desire a sauce for the fish add a cupful of brown stock to the liquor left in the pan, a little more lemon juice and fresh butter, thicken with cornstarch or flour wet in cold water and serve some around the fish.

PICKEREL A LA HOLLANDAISE.

Scale and clean the fish as soon as possible after it is taken from the water, and cut them into slices of about one inch, placing the pieces in an earthen vessel. Season with pepper, salt, oil, lemon juice, chopped parsley and a little grated nutmeg, turning the slices over in the seasoning occasionally in order that they may be well saturated with it. Half an hour before dinner drain them on a napkin, dip each separately in bread or cracker crumbs and fry in hot deep fat. Garnish with parsley and serve with Dutch or Tartar sauce.

BOILED PICKEREL.

Pickerel may be boiled whole and served with butter sauce, care being taken in winding the fish, so as to keep it together, but a better way is to boil it in slices if you can obtain the fish under the best conditions. These are that the fish be obtained immediately on being taken from the water, scaled and cleaned, cut into slices about one inch thick, and put into a panful of ice water (the water from its coldness will crimp the fresh-killed fish thrown into it). Twenty minutes before dinner boil the slices in hot water, with a little salt added, drain them on a napkin and serve with Butter and Parsley sauce.

BUTTER AND PARSLEY SAUCE.

Butter sauce, the foundation of Butter and Parsley sauce, as well as many others, requires careful preparation. Put two ounces of fresh butter in a stewpan with two ounces of sifted flour, knead the whole well together, adding gradually a half pint of cold water, stirring on the fire until it boils and allowing it to cook slowly for twenty minutes, being careful if it gets too thick to add more cold water; then gradually stir in three-quarters of a pound more of fresh butter. Strain and put a tablespoonful of chopped parsley into a half pint of the butter sauce and just before sending to the table add a little lemon juice. This sauce should always be made just before it is needed for use. If exposed long to the heat it becomes rancid, but if at once a little ice water or a piece of ice is added and it be stirred vigorously it will be restored to its original sweetness.

The above recipes are equally good for the preparation of large perch or for German carp, except that there may be a difference in the length of time required to cook them, dependant altogether upon the size of the fish.

In giving these recipes a trial do not forget that fish must in all cases be well done, and to be at its best must go to the table piping hot. Nearly cold, underdone fish will disgust your guests.

FOR YOUR SCRAP-BOOK.

Recipes From Many Sources and of Acknowledged Worth.

CELERY SAUCE FOR TURKEY.

Slice the best part of four heads of young celery in small pieces and boil in salt and water for twenty minutes. Then drain, and put into a clean saucepan, covering them with white or vegetable stock. Add a teaspoonful of salt, a blade of mace and stew all together until tender. Mix two ounces of butter and a dessert spoonful of flour; when this is quite smooth stir into it a cupful of good cream (milk may be used instead of cream), and mix this in with the celery and stock. Make hot for about fifteen minutes but do not let it boil.

BATTER PUDDING.

Take one quart of milk, four eggs, six ounces of flour, a little soda and salt. First mix the flour with a little milk carefully so it will not be lumpy, complete the pudding, bake twenty minutes and serve immediately.

Congressman. "My protege has a wonderful memory. He never forgets a name."

President. Really? I'll make him minister to Russia."—Philadelphia Record.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* — The Kind You Have Always Bought

NURSERY COOKERY.

THE SMALL CHILD'S DIET.

By Christine Terhune Herrick.

(Continued from last week.)

Few women start out on their maternal career with enough training principles to last through an indefinite series of babies. They exercise unlimited theories upon the first child. If he survives their experiments, they may still have sufficient energy to continue their pet systems with a second and perhaps even with a third child. If others follow, the mothers are more than likely to let their theories, like their piano playing and their familiarity with foreign languages, fall into innocuous desuetude. As one over-taxed matron said of her eighth and youngest child, "I brought up the others, I let Octavia come up!"

The mother has had unusual persistence who has "brought up" an even smaller number. Mothers' clubs and meetings do much to stimulate her failing energies, even when the children follow each other into the world close upon one another's helpless heels. The books and magazines written and edited expressly for mothers are of incalculable help. In spite of them all she probably keeps but a small share of the fancies with which she set out on her course as a matron. And in many instances the babies are none the worse for it.

It is a pity, however, when the mother reaches the point where she ceases to bestow close attention upon the nature and preparation of the children's food. Heedless habits, careless speech and even lack of courage may possibly be corrected in life, but it is another thing to attempt, in mature years, to pull out the faulty foundations of the digestion and to raise a substantial superstructure when there is practically no base. The man who has been badly fed in infancy must go softly all his days, so far as his digestion is concerned, and in many cases can only avoid dyspepsia by judicious abstinence and by constant care in the choice of his food.

If a mother would only grasp the fact that because a thing does not, in the extreme sense of the word, disagree with a child at the time he eats it, it is no sign that it has not harmed him! Parents who seem to believe that the digestive powers of their children rival those of ostriches will calmly allow their four or five year olds to eat sausage and buckwheat cakes at breakfast, partake of fried foods and salads at luncheon, and wind up the day with roast duck, pickles and pie at a late dinner. Then because the victims survive the experience the deluded parents will triumphantly assert that the fare has done the youngsters no harm. The fact is ignored that the child who imposes the task of digesting such a meal upon his tender gastric organs is drawing upon his reserve forces to meet the demand, and as a consequence will encounter such calls later in life with depleted powers.

Remembering all this, the mother should not weary in well doing and relax her efforts in her child's behalf by the time he reaches his fifth or sixth year. His dietary should still receive her close and careful attention, and because it is more extensive now than when he was younger it should be none the less thoughtfully guarded.

The cereal should still begin the breakfast. Oatmeal, cornmeal mush, hominy, wheaten grits, or something of the sort, makes a better beginning for the first meal of the day than fruit. This has a tendency to take the first edge from a child's appetite, and to disincline him for the solid food that is to follow. As a rule, he is better off with no sugar on his porridge, or, as in some families I know, the sugar may be reserved for a Sunday morning treat. Even then it should be put on with discretion. With the porridge cream should be given, if possible, or at least, plenty of milk. Milk may also be served as a beverage, either pure, or mixed with hot water into "cambric tea," or made into cocoa or weak chocolate. Apropos of these latter, it may be said that they should never be made in the careless fashion that simply stirs the prepared cocoa-powder into the boiling water or milk and then serves it at once. The compound should always boil for from three to five minutes after the powder is added.

(To be continued next week.)

TARTLETS.

Some rich puff paste, any preserve or marmalade you please. Cut as many rounds of puff paste as you desire, with a round tin cutter. Then cut an equal number and press a smaller cutter inside them to remove the center and leave a ring. Moisten the rounds with water and place the rings on them. Put them into a moderate oven for ten or twelve minutes, and when done fill the center with any preserve or marmalade. Stamp out a little of the paste rolled thin in stars, etc. Bake them lightly, and place one on the top of each tartlet. Serve them hot or cold.

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Huyler's

(RED WRAPPER)

VANILLA CHOCOLATE.

UNSURPASSED FOR EATING, DRINKING & COOKING.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

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Trust Company,

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.

CAPITAL, . . . $1,000,000
SURPLUS, . . . 400,000

PARTICIPATION ACCOUNT.

Deposits on or before February 15 draw interest from February 1. Dividends August and February.

This Account offers the advantages of Savings Banks with the additional security of the capital stock of the Company.

Legal depository for Trustees, Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Assignees, Etc.

SAMUEL P. COLT, President.
J. M. ADDEMAN, Vice President.
CYRUS P. BROWN, Treasurer.
WALDO M. PLACE, Asst. Treas.
F. W. GALE, Secretary.

1-6

INSURANCE

Notice

AGENCY OF A. S. SHERMAN,

MERCHANT'S BANK.

THE FOLLOWING COMPANIES heretofore represented in Newport by Mr. Job T. Langley, deceased, having been transferred to me, policies and renewals in the same will be written at this office, where transfers and endorsements can be made:—

Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn.
Queen Ins. Co. of London.
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester.
Scottish Union & National of Edinburgh and London.
Northern Assurance Co. of London.

The above companies in addition to those already represented by me, enable me to write for any amount desired, at the lowest rates and the high standing and character of the companies offer the strongest indemnity against fire.

Niagara Ins. Co. of N. Y.	12,050,880
American Ins. Co. of Philadelphia	2,301,848
Fire Association of Philadelphia	4,250,164
Phenix Ins. Co. of Hartford	4,709,928
Imperial Ins. Co. of London	5,727,130
Guardian Ins. Co. of London	7,856,156
Providence Washington Ins. Co. of Providence	960,429
British American Ins. Co. of Toronto	902,416
Phenix Ins. Co. of Brooklyn	5,283,171
Queen Ins. Co. of London	7,076,128
Lancashire Ins. Co. of Manchester	6,458,197
Scottish Union & Nat'l Ins. Co. of Edinburgh	5,352,149
Northern Assurance Co. of London	5,358,176
Phenix Assurance Co. of London	7,587,176

A. S. SHERMAN,
Office Merchants' Bank.

7-2

Flagg's Bargain Store,

12 FRANKLIN STREET,

OPP. P. O.

Gray Enameled Ware Prices.

10	Quart Dish Pan	65c.
2	Quart Milk or Rice Boiler	75c.
1	Quart Sauce Pans	15c.
2	Quart Sauce Pans	19c.
2½	Quart Sauce Pans	23c.
3	Quart Sauce Pans	25c.
3½	Quart Sauce Pans	30c.
1½	Quart Preserving Kettles	25c.
2	Quart Preserving Kettles	26c.
2½	Quart Preserving Kettles	29c.
1	Quart Pudding Pans	10c.
2	Quart Pudding Pans	15c.
1½	Quart Pudding Pans	23c.
3	Quart Pudding Pans	25c.
3½	Quart Pudding Pans	22c.
9	Inch Pie Plates	10c.
8	Quart Coffee Pots	45c.
2	Quart Tea Pots	30c.
5	Quart Tea Kettle	62c.
	Wash Basins	20c.
	Drinking Cups	10c.

The above goods are all guaranteed, and the Best Enameled Ware in the market.

Farmers & Gardeners Attention!

GARDEN SEED.

The large increase from year to year in this department has proven that the

H. C. ANTHONY'S SEEDS

are reliable. They have been tested and have proven first quality in every respect. The talk about local grown seed not being good has been worn thread bare. Some kinds of seeds grown on this Island are of the very best, but all kinds of seeds that are planted to raise seeds from, cannot be raised successfully in one locality. This is one of the reasons why Mr. Anthony's seeds are of the best. What seeds our soil is adapted to are raised here; the others are raised by him in other localities.

None are better.

For sale by

Fernando Barker,

BROADWAY, NEWPORT, R. I.

Reduction in price of

COKE.

DELIVERED:

Prepared, 36 bushels for $3.50
Common, 36 bushels for $3.00

AT WORKS:

Prepared, $8.00 per 100 bushels
Common, $6.00 per 100 bushels

ORDERS LEFT AT

181 Thames Street,

receive prompt attention.

NEWPORT GAS LIGHT CO.

The Mercury.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

Saturday, January 13, 1900.

Bryan is coming to Rhode Island January 29th. Wonder what he expects to accomplish here?

America put 951 ships in the water last year, not counting the Spanish vessels that were sent to the bottom.

State Auditor Charles C. Gray is suffering from painful injuries received in a runaway accident last Sunday.

The Democrats in Kentucky are having their own way and Governor Taylor will have to give place to the fraudulent Goebel. If there ever was a fraud-ridden state, its name is Kentucky.

All the American and most of the Spanish prisoners in Luzon have been liberated by our advancing forces. The first anniversary of war with the Tagals will see a difficult task nearly accomplished.

The result of our ownership of the Philippines will be the abolition of slavery everywhere in the islands, and no one except a hater of this country, a copper-head, could have any doubt on this point.

One Confederate regiment of Gettysburg lost 720 killed and wounded out of 800 men. There has been some sharp fighting in South Africa, but nothing to recall the battles of the American civil war.

One of the first results of Gov. Wood's administration in Cuba is an invitation to bid on the supply of $500,000 worth of school furniture. Education is all that is needed to swing Cuba into its proper place.

Senator Aldrich and the Senate Committee on Cuban affairs are going to Cuba next month to look into the affairs of the island and make preliminary arrangements to establish a permanent form of government.

War Department expenses are 38 per cent less than they were at this time last year, and the treasury surplus for the last six months is over $21,000,000. Prophets who saw financial ruin in the Philippines policy are keeping quiet.

Congressman Fitzgerald of Boston is the latest Democrat to kick over the party traces and come out for the policy of territorial expansion. These outbreaks are getting numerous, and they denote a growing perception of the inevitable.

The candidate for Vice President seems to be in the air as yet. Secretary Root and Ex-Secretary Bliss, it is said, both fight shy of the honor. Thus far it would seem to be anybody's fight, who can command the requisite number of votes.

Brakemen on the Consolidated road must announce all stations in a distinctly audible voice according to recent orders from the management of the road. The men are required to advance toward the centre of the car and call the stations with care.

Providence fishermen appeared at a hearing before the Shellfish Commission in Providence on Tuesday to protest against leasing oyster beds in the river and bay to parties outside the state. They claim that the occupation of the Rhode Island fishermen is being cut off.

Senator Morgan of Alabama varies the old Democratic slogan that this is a white man's government by declaring that the Democratic party is a white man's party. The only merit of the new version is that it comes somewhat nearer the truth than the old one. Wonder what our few colored people in Rhode Island who lean to the Democratic party will have to say about this?

It becomes more and more a settled fact each year, that elections in three-fourths of the Southern States are simply a farce. In Tennessee a few years ago, Commissioner of Pensions Evans, was elected governor by over twenty thousand majority, but the legislature turned him out. In Kentucky this year Taylor was elected governor by a large majority, but that makes no difference. He will have to get out. In Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana and other states that can be named there has been no pretence of an honest declaration of the votes cast for years. The motto of the white democrats down there is, "Let the negroes do the voting and we will do the counting." It is time that some power took cognizance of these gigantic frauds.

The receipts of the government during the past six months have exceeded the expenditures by some $21,000,000. With the reduction in war expenses that is hoped for in the Philippines, the receipts for the next six months will, it is hoped and believed, exceed the expenditures by at least $30,000,000, giving a total surplus for the fiscal year of some $50,000,000. In view of these facts there is likely to be a movement in Congress for the reduction of the war tariff, but this is certain to be opposed by the administration and it may be taken for granted that nothing will come of it at present. The war is not over yet and it is thought best to keep the Treasury full and take no chance of running short in possible emergencies after Congress had adjourned. Besides, the Nicaraguan Canal, the Pacific Cable, and the ship subsidy bill, all of which may be authorized at this session, will eat up a large part of the surplus and prevent any stringency through the locking up of quantities of money in the Treasury vaults.

An Old Note.

The War Department at Washington has received a communication from a man in Boston in regard to a claim against the government that has interesting features. The man says that he holds a promissory note of the United States government for $18.67, payable to his great grandfather, Eli Stearns, given in 1781, and never paid. The note bears date of Aug. 1, 1881, and is signed by "Tim" Pickering—the abbreviation is in Mr. Stearns' letter—quartermaster general, and countersigned by "Jabez Hatch, D. Q. M." Mr. Stearns says that the money was advanced to the corps of invalids at Boston, and quotes the phraseology of the note as follows:

"Said sum shall be paid on first day of November next ensuing (1781) and if not then paid the same shall bear interest of 6 per cent. per annum until paid."

If the government pays the note the holder will receive more than $13,000, being the principal and interest at 6 per cent for 118 years. However, we surmise that a liberal discount will be made for cash.

Dewey's Bounty.

The claim of Admiral Dewey and the officers and men of his squadron for bounty arising out of the destruction of Montejo's fleet in Manila bay, was argued before the court of claims in Washington this week. The question at issue was the total amount of the bounty to be paid under the statute providing for the payment by the government of $100 a head for every man aboard vessels destroyed in battle, where the force of the enemy is superior. The contention of the claimants was that the force of the enemy was superior at Manila bay.

Counsel for claimants figured that there were 1,191 aboard the vessels destroyed. The bounty due Admiral Dewey and his men therefore would be $382,600 or $191,000 or $191,400, according to whether the force of the enemy was superior or inferior to Dewey's. It is true that this bounty was repealed. It is a source of vast trouble, and besides it gives the navy a very unfair advantage over the army where no such generosity has ever been practiced.

Weather Bulletin.

Copyrighted, 1899, by W. T. Foster.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., Jan. 13.—My last bulletin gave forecasts of the storm waves to cross the continent from 14 to 18 and the next will reach Pacific coast about 19, cross west of Rockies country by close of 19, great central valleys 20 to 22, eastern states 23.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about 18, great central valley 20, eastern states 22. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about 21, great central valleys 23, eastern states 25.

Temperature of the week ending 8 a. m. January 29 will average below normal in the great central valleys, and about normal on Pacific slope and in Atlantic states.

About date of this bulletin an Alaskan warm wave—they call it chinook in the far northwest—will be entering the head waters of the Saskatchewan river, Alberta, western Canada and this will be the most important storm of the month. It will be in the great central valleys about the date of the next bulletin, while just behind it, on the head waters of the Souris river in Assiniboia and the headwaters of the Missouri in Montana, will come a great cold wave and blizzard. Be prepared for this bad winter storm.

Sixth disturbance of January will reach Pacific coast about 24, cross west of Rockies country by close of 25, great central valleys 26 to 28, eastern states 29.

Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about 24, great central valleys 26, eastern states 28. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about 27, great central valleys 29, eastern states 31.

Real Estate Transactions.

DeBlois & Eldridge have rented for Mrs. William Osgood her villa on the corner of Bellevue and Narragansett avenues, known as "Oakview Villa," to J. H. Wolfe for the coming season.

Simeon Hazard has rented for the Newport Hospital the lower half of the house No. 56 Friendship street to J. Clayton Ziegle.

Simeon Hazard has rented for Patrick Buckley the lower half of the house No. 12 Spring street to Lewis J. Dennin.

A. O'D. Taylor has sold for William J. Croucher a lot of land on the westerly side of Howland avenue in Jamestown, R. I., being the lots Nos. 2 and 3 of the so-called "Howland Plat," and containing 13,200 square feet of land, to Louis W. Anthony.

The deeds have been recorded in Jamestown by which the Anthony cottage in front of Shoreby Hill, Jamestown, has been conveyed to James Tausig and Ephron Catlin of St. Louis, Mo. The land conveyed is bounded southerly 135 feet by land of Abbott Chandler; 95 feet by Shoreby Hill property on the west; 135 feet northerly by Shoreby Hill property and about 95 feet easterly by the East Shore road. The sale was made through A. O'D. Taylor's agency.

A Long Record.

Ex-Lieut. Gov. John J. Reynolds, of Wickford, who Tuesday declined the office of President of the Wickford National Bank, formed in 1865 by the stockholders of the North Kingstown and Narragansett State Banks, is one of the oldest Bank Presidents in the country, and probably the oldest bank director in the Union, Gov. Reynolds having served as President of a bank 48 years, 14 as chief officer of the North Kingstown State Bank and 34 years as President of the Wickford National Bank.

As director, Gov. Reynolds, who is now 88 years of age, has now entered upon his 65th year of service in that capacity, having been chosen as director of the North Kingstown Bank in 1830, when but 24 years of age, and upon the formation of the Wickford National was elected to the same office, which he still holds. He retains his mental faculties practically unimpaired, and would easily be taken for a man of about 60 years. Mr. Reynolds is an uncle of Mr. Gardiner B. Reynolds of this city.

Rev. Henry S. Morais has been tendered a call to the Touro Synagogue of this city, the vote to extend the call having been unanimous. He is one of the most prominent ministers in the United States and is also well known as an author of note.

Schooner Emma, which was damaged by the November blizzard of 1898, is undergoing repairs at Crowley's ship yard

Mr. Albert S. Howard has returned from New York.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
(SEAL)
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A. O'D. Taylor.
Real Estate Agent, 121 Bellevue Avenue, Newport, R. I.
Farm for Sale.
A small farm of about three (3) acres, with excellent cottage, barn and outbuildings. Within 2½ miles of Newport. Suitable for vegetable gardening or poultry farm. Price $3,000.
PRIVATE TELEPHONE NO. 324

Marriages.

In Perry, Vt., 27th ult., by Rev. Mr. Atwood, Joseph Andrew Peckham to Ella Remembrance Farnum.

Deaths.

In this city, 8th inst., at his residence, Berkeley avenue, Michael Butler, aged 71 years.

In this city, 10th inst., William Bailey Bates, aged 51 years.

In New York, 10th inst., Henry T., infant son of Dr. Henry T. Coggeshall.

In Jamestown, 9th inst., Mattena Jensen, aged 63 years.

In Tiverton, 5th inst., Miss Harriet O. Manchester, aged 75 years.

In Tiverton, 6th inst., Anthony Hartley, aged 87 years.

At Tiverton Four Corners, 7th inst., Charles Cook, aged 81 years.

In Providence, 5th inst., Susan Page, widow of the late Joseph Joslen of this city.

In Providence, 10th inst., Thomas B. Saunders, 68; 10th, M. Louise, wife of B. M. Lovell; 8th, Anna Maria, widow of Ascil S. Angell, 76; 8th, Henry Quinn, 75; 8th, Lucindu, widow of Joseph Read, 91; 8th, David H. Morton, 40.

In Fall River, 9th inst., Elizabeth, wife of Henry Waring, aged 66 years.

In Pascoag, 7th inst., Mary, widow of Ammon Platt, in her 78th year.

FOR SALE.
The "Metlee" farm of 182 acres three miles from Slide House. Has an excellent dwelling house, good barns &c. All in good order. Apply to
SIMEON HAZARD.
SOLE AGENT, 91 BROADWAY NEWPORT, R. I.
Telephone 370.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
Brent Good
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.
Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION
GENUINE MUST BEAR SIGNATURE
Price 25 Cts. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.
THERE IS QUITE A
SURPRISE PARTY
at the corner of
Bridge and Cross Sts.
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Turpentine, Glass, Putty and Fine Wall Papers.
ALSO CHEAP
TENEMENT PAPERS.
Bring BROKEN SASH to store and they will be RE-GLAZED at lowest prices.
Mixing paints a specialty and out of the best leads, PHŒNIX, ATLANTIC and JEWETT.
All orders for PAINTING HOUSES, etc., to be left at the store.
1-6-2w A. HURLEY

CITY OF NEWPORT.

POLICE DEPARTMENT,
Newport, R. I., January 6, 1900.

Sledding Notice.

In compliance with the provisions of Section 10, of Chapter 12, of the City Ordinances the following named streets are hereby designated as coasting places for

SINGLE SLEDS ONLY:

Sanford street, North Baptist Street, Sherman Street, Mary Street, Prospect Hill Street, Barney Street, Extension Street, Washington Square (north side.)

DOUBLE SLEDS

may be used on Mann avenue, Everett Street, Catherine Street (east end of R. I. ave.) Buena Vista Street (east end of R. I. ave.) Bath Road (east end of R. I. ave.) Narragansett Avenue (west of Spring street.) But not elsewhere.

By order of the Mayor.
PARDON S. KAULL,
Chief of Police.

Washington Matters.

The National Banks and the Treasury Department—Senator Hoar Continues to Encourage Filipinos—Rapid Work on Routine Bills—The Open Door in China—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8, 1900.

The Democratic attempt to play politics with the relations between the U. S. Treasury and those National Banks chosen not by favoritism, but because they put up U. S. bonds to secure the government from loss, as depositories for money collected for internal revenue taxation, was one of the flatest failures ever seen in Congress. Instead of delaying action on the resolutions calling for all the correspondence between these National Banks and the Secretary of the treasury, as the Democrats were foolish enough to hope they would do, the Republicans in both House and Senate assisted in putting the resolutions through, and Secretary Gage promptly put a force of clerks to copying the records, in order that no time might be lost in putting the information before Congress and the country. Instead of being opposed to furnishing this information Secretary Gage was glad to be furnished an official opportunity for showing exactly how and why he had taken the necessary steps to keep the money in circulation, without risk to the government, which is paid for internal revenue taxes, instead of hoarding it in the Treasury and cramping the business of the country. Instead of making Democratic political capital, the Democrats have added to the esteem in which the administration is held by the business interests of the country, which know that our present prosperity isn't accidental, but the result of well-defined policies.

The House will this week begin with the appropriation bills, the urgency deficiency bill, mostly made up of items for the War Department, made necessary by the revolt in the Philippines, being first on the list.

Senator Hoar made a speech today on his Philippine resolution, in which he said much calculated to encourage the Filipinos to continue their revolt against the U. S. This elicited applause from the democratic Senators and caused regret to many of Senator Hoar's oldest and most sincere admirers. No one who knows the man doubts the sincerity of his opinion, but if ever there was a case of mistaken judgement it is his. He refuses to see that it would be both dishonorable and cowardly for the United States to abandon the Philippines, not to mention the commercial disadvantage to America that would follow such an abandonment; that the whole civilized world looks to us to give the Philippines good government.

The greater part of the present week will be devoted by the Roberts committee to hearing legal arguments. Ex-Secretary Carlisle, leading counsel against Roberts, began his argument today and he has until Wednesday to finish it. Then Roberts will be given an opportunity to reply, although he has already consumed two days in argument, which may be summed up in a sentence—The House has no right to deny him the seat. The committee may report late this week, but it is more likely to wait until next week.

The routine work of Congress, such as the preparation of appropriation bills, etc., is much more rapidly done than it used to be. For instance, the House Committee on Indian affairs, under the old method, when the time came for getting the annual appropriation bill in shape, would request the Indian Commissioner and several of his subordinates to come to the Capitol; then questions were sure to be asked that could not be answered without consulting the records, and much time was lost. Now, the committee meets in a room at the Indian Bureau, gets all the information it requires from the records direct and gets the bill, which is a troublesome one, ready in about one-fourth the time it used to require.

Secretary Wilson said of Secretary Hay's great diplomatic triumph in securing guarantees from the leading European nations of the perpetual maintainance of the "open door" at all Chinese ports, which he declared supplements the work done by our army and navy and secures our trade relations with China: "A year ago no nation would have listened to a proposition of this kind, but the whole world listens to the United States now. Some idea of the vastness of the interests involved may be gained from the fact that while ten years ago our exports from the Pacific Coast to all countries aggregated $26,000,000, and five years ago $42,000,000, the steady increase in Pacific Coast exports had raised the aggregate to $73,000,000 a year ago."

The decision of the Senate Committee on elections to report against Mr. Quay's right to be seated, was no surprise, and will not affect the final disposition of the case. It has been known for some time that Senator Burrows would vote with the democrats against Mr. Quay, and his vote was a majority, as this committee was not included in those upon which the republican majority was recently increased to accord with the republican membership of the Senate. How soon the report will be made to the Senate will depend upon how soon the case of Senator Clark, of Montana, charged with bribery, which is now being heard by the committee, is disposed of. Mr. Quay's friends are still confident that he will be seated by the Senate.

Mrs. Bradish, of Detroit, Wrote Mrs. Pinkham and Tells the Result.

(LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 83,316)

"About two years ago I began to run down and soon became almost a wreck. I lost my appetite and began to lose flesh; my blood was impoverished and I had to leave our store.

"The doctors gave me a little tonic, but I steadily grew worse and consulted another doctor. He helped me in some ways, but my headaches continued, and I began to have night sweats and my rest was so disturbed that I would have hysteria and would cry and worry over business matters and my poor health.

"Finally, husband took me South, but with no benefit. This was a year ago; no one can ever know what a winter of misery I spent. Would bloat after eating and was troubled with palpitation of heart and whites. Having read by happy chance of your medicine, I bought it and wrote for your advice, and before having finished the first bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the hysterics nearly stopped and I slept soundly.

"I used seven or eight bottles with such benefit that I am as healthy as I can ever remember of being. I shall never cease to sound your praises"—MRS. E. M. BRADISH, 179 DIX AVE., DETROIT, MICH.

Mrs. Pinkham's advice is at the free disposal of every ailing woman who wishes help. Her address is Lynn, Mass. Every case is sacredly confidential.

Big Steamer Wrecked.

St. John's, Jan. 12.—A large steamer, believed to be a passenger ship, whose name cannot yet be ascertained, has been wrecked on a reef in St. Mary's bay, about five miles from shore. The vessel lies with her head low in the water, and is on fire aft. Several persons have been washed off the deck by the great waves during the day. Just before nightfall others were described in the rigging. It is feared that these will perish. From her size it looks as if the vessel might be one of the trans-Atlantic liners. If so, the loss of life may be very great. The sea is wild, and the storm shows no signs of abating.

Pro-Boer Meeting at Lawrence.

Lawrence, Mass., Jan. 12.—The movement to assist the Boers which started in this city several weeks ago culminated in a monster mass meeting in city hall last night. Leading citizens of nearly every nationality were present, including many public officials. Mayor Leonard presided. Resolutions were adopted expressing "sincere friendship for the citizens of the South African republic and rejoicing in their brave and valiant defense of their homes and their liberties against a powerful and unscrupulous foe."

Newcastle, Eng., Jan. 12.—The new United States cruiser Albany, which was given an official trial off this port Jan. 9, completed her endurance trial yesterday, consisting of a continuous run of six hours under natural draught. The test was very successful. The ship behaved well in a heavy sea.

Annual Reduction Sale.

We are ready to present to our patrons and the public the annual opportunity afforded by our house to procure rare and especial bargains in every department.

Our entire stock of broken lines in all departments reduced in like proportions, irrespective of regular selling price.

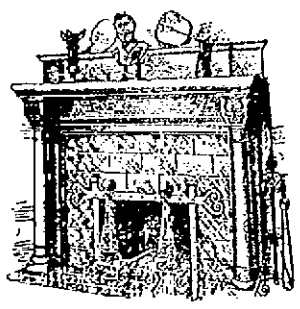
Terms strictly cash at this sale.

Newport One Price Clothing Co.

208 THAMES STREET. 208

Close Tuesday, Thursday and Friday Evenings at 6 o'clock.

MONDAY MORNING
WILL SEE OUR
Great January Sale of Millinery
IN FULL BLOOM, AT
SCHREIER'S Queen Anne Millinery Establishment, 118 THAMES STREET.
Trimmed Hats, Bonnets, Toques,
At prices that speak for themselves. A fine assortment and stylish goods to select from.
All colors in FUR AND WOOL FELT
OUTING HATS,
Former price $1.98 now your choice at 98 cents.
" " $1.50, " " " " 73 cents.
" " $1.25, " " " " 49 cents.
A large line of untrimmed hats in
Fur and Wool Felt at 10, 25 and 50 cents.
Come early and you will get the BEST.

Special Sale.

Largest Manufacturers and Dealers in New England. Large quantities of stock ordered early in the spring are just coming in, too late for the SUMMER TRADE. As we make it a point never to carry goods over we are making sweeping discounts in every department. You can save from
25 to 33 per cent.
by buying for future wants.
WOOD MANTELS,
TILES, FIREPLACE GOODS,
ANDIRONS, FENDERS,
Parquet Floors, Grilles, Etc.
Select now and we will
STORE GOODS, FREE OF CHARGE,
UNTIL REQUIRED.
Crooker Mantel & Tile Co.,
230 & 232 Weybosset St., Providence, R. I. 220 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

The Metropolitan Stock Exchange
(Incorporated under Massachusetts law in 1896.) $100,000.00 full paid.
Stocks, Bonds, Grain and Cotton,
Daily list of quotations can be had upon application.
Send for our "WEEKLY RECORD of PRICES" on NEW YORK, BOSTON and CHICAGO markets.
NEWPORT BRANCH:
Room 1, Canonicus Building, 259 Thames Street.
TELEPHONE 78.
12-23-4w E. F. SULLIVAN, Mgr.

$13 SHORT $14
DELIGHTFUL TRIPS
of two to five days' duration, are offered by the
OLD DOMINION LINE
to such well-known historic points as
NORFOLK,
OLD POINT COMFORT,
RICHMOND,
WASHINGTON
at the above prices.
Favorite Route from the North and East to the Winter Resorts of Virginia and North Carolina.
For full information apply to
OLD DOMINION STEAMSHIP CO,
Pier 26, N. R., New York, N. Y.
H. B. WALKER, Traffic Mgr.
J. J. BROWN, Gen. Pass. Agt.
1-6

TO INTRODUCE
The Different Brands of Whiskey
I will sell for one week only
A 7 Year Old Philadelphia Club Whiskey (full quart bottles former price $1.25, for $1.00 per bottle.
Elm Hill 5 year old, full quart, sells everywhere for $1.25, my price $1.00 per bottle.
Lucky Mystic full quart, 10 year old, always sold for $1.50, my price $1.25.
American Malt full quart, guaranteed equal to the Canadian Malt, at $1.50, my price $1.25.
Gockenheimer, Tuxedo, Belle of Jefferson, Mt. Vernon and all kinds of Liquors and Wines in bulk at wholesale prices.
LOUIS EHRHARDT, JR.
271 THAMES STREET.
TELEPHONE.

REPLY OF ENGLAND.

Nothing Said Touching a Release of the Seized Goods.

Does Not Broadly Decide the Question as to Contraband of War.

Answer Satisfactory as Far as It Goes, but Leaves Main Question Untouched.

Washington, Jan. 12.—The following official statement was given out by the state department: A telegram has been received from Ambassador Choate, reporting an interview he had with the Marquis of Salisbury in regard to the American shipments of flour and provisions on the detained British steamers Beatrice and Mashona, and the Dutch steamer Maria. The British position as to food stuffs and hostile destination is that they can only be considered contraband of war if supplied the enemy's forces, it not being sufficient that they are capable of being so used, but it must be shown that this was their destination at the time of seizure. This qualification virtually concedes the American contention that the goods were not subject to seizure, and practically disavows the seizure, it not being claimed there is any evidence of hostile destination.

Just as the officials of the state department expected, it amounted to a partial answer, very satisfactory as far as it goes, disposing of the character of some of the goods seized, but not finally deciding broadly whether or not foodstuffs are to be regarded as contraband.

In brief, Mr. Choate reports as follows: That the answer is highly satisfactory; that it is broad and liberal in terms. The position assumed by the British government is that foodstuffs in transit to a hostile destination can be regarded as contraband of war only when they are supplies for the enemy's forces.

It is not sufficient that they are capable of being used for the benefit of the enemy; it must be shown that they are so in fact through their destination at the time of the seizure. The British government does not claim that any of the American goods on the German bark Maria and the British bark Mashona were contraband of war.

The British government is investigating the facts in connection with the goods seized on the third vessel, Beatrice.

Mr. Choate's message embodied succinctly the authorities relied upon by the British government to sustain its position. It was nearly noon before it could be deciphered and placed in Secretary Hay's hands. It so happened that Lord Pauncefote, the British ambassador, was with the secretary shortly after he received his message, and probably the subject was discussed by them.

It is certain that both the secretary and Lord Pauncefote appeared to be gratified at the progress made toward a settlement of the cases. Nothing was said directly in Mr. Choate's message touching a release of the seized goods, but of course a fair inference from the statement that the goods on two of the vessels had been found to be not contraband is that they either will be or have been already released.

If any question arises as to compensation to the owners on account of these seizures, that can be adjusted later on. It is probable, however, that the British government will not wait for any hint, but will voluntarily make such amends as seem to be fair.

It is believed that the uncertainty as to the character of the Beatrice's cargo is based upon an imperfect knowledge of the ownership of the goods.

Many Charges of Embezzlement.

New Haven, Jan. 12.—Charles E. Newberry, who has been doing business under the firm name of the New England Mercantile Exchange, with headquarters in this city, is locked up, charged with embezzlement. Newberry has branch offices in other places and was first taken into custody at Hartford yesterday, charged with embezzlement on six counts. Other charges have been preferred against him by New Haven parties and he will have to face 12 counts. Newberry "boomed" his exchange extensively and sent out circulars broadcast advertising for "silent" partners. It is alleged that he secured several dupes.

The Fight Against Goebel.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 12.—The Republican leaders, while not abandoning the fight against Goebel in the legislature, are eagerly awaiting news from Washington as to what aid the federal government would give the Taylor administration in the event Goebel is seated by the legislature. The Republican leaders are advising Governor Taylor to resist in case the legislature decides in favor of Goebel, and that they are promising support to him is generally admitted.

Water Famine Threatened.

Fall River, Mass., Jan. 12.—This city, so far as the supply of water for the mills is concerned, is on the verge of a water famine. Nearly half of the mills depend on a chain of five ponds for the water necessary for their boilers, and the water has become so low as to make a shutdown of some of the mills possible. Some of these ponds are now little more than large mud puddles, with a small quantity of water in the middle.

Will Pay Fifty Percent.

Boston, Jan. 12.—Francis Batchelder & Co., provision dealers, who failed recently, have made an offer to their creditors, which was accepted. The offer was to pay 50 percent, 20 percent to be cash and [illegible] notes, or to make an entire settlement of 40 percent. The firm's liabilities were $160,000.

[illegible] Lost an Eye.

Manchester, N. H., Jan. 12.—Patrick Brennan, 18 years of age, was terribly bitten about the face and head by a Newfoundland dog, which was feeding. His injuries are so bad that the loss of one eye is feared.

Two Arrests In Assault Case.

Bridgeport, Conn., Jan. 12.—Daniel J. Woodin, father-in-law of Brackett, who is held on suspicion of being the assailant of Night Watchman Morris, has been arrested, and is being held, pending an investigation. The condition of Morris is much improved. The physicians say he has an even chance for recovery.

A tasteful appearance in dress often comes as much from good laundering as from the quality of the clothing. Good laundering requires good soap and Ivory Soap is the best.

The fading of delicate shades is frequently the ruination of an expensive garment. Any color that will stand the free application of water can be washed with Ivory Soap.

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NO BACKWARD STEPS.

Business World Looks Forward to the Current Year With the Greatest Confidence.

The business world has "marked time" this week, pending the results of annual stock takings and the passing away of the holiday influence which usually makes for quietness at this period. Aside from the strengthening of values of a number of staples, such as the cereals, provisions and cotton, which are speculatively dealt in, there has been no decided movement forward, but on the other hand, the strength of all other staple values point to there having been no backward steps taken.

All obtainable reports as to last year's business confirm earlier advices, while perceptibly increasing the confidence with which the business world looks forward to the current year. Perhaps the most notable movement among leading staples is that developed in hogs and hog products, a better realization apparently being had of the features making for strength in those products, notable among which being the reduction in the supply of hogs, which, like the similar falling off in the number of cattle, has gone on for a number of years past. The limited stocks held, too, are a further source of strength.

Owing to the continued light movement and the confidence with which holders maintain prices, cotton has advanced slightly during the week. It is evident from some reports to Bradstreet's recently that the new plan of warehousing cotton is having a measurable influence upon the movement in staple.

In iron and steel quiet strength has, as for many weeks past, been the notable feature. A rather more aggressive feeling is noted at Chicago, where wire and nails have been considerably advanced, and bar steel, angles and channels have also moved upward.

Boot and shoe manufacturers are actively employed and leather retains its old strength, though some weakness in hides and skins is reported at the west.

Textiles display notable strength. Next season cotton goods will all open higher and in finished products particularly there is chance for expansion, as quotations in those lines have not moved up to a parity with gray goods.

The short supply of water is beginning to affect the output of New England cotton mills, and this promises to introduce still another element of strength into holders' positions.

Wool, though quiet, is stronger, and manufactured goods will certainly open at a good advance. Export trade for our fine wool is good, as evidenced by some shipments this week to England, and some buyers are said to have bought wool that is yet on the sheeps' backs in the west.

Will Not Be Electrocuted.

Boston, Jan. 12.—The sentence of Edwin Ray Snow, the Barnstable county murderer, was yesterday commuted by the executive council, voting unanimously, from execution by electricity to imprisonment for life.

DO YOU KNOW

WE SELL STRICTLY HIGH GRADE

Furniture and Housefurnishings

—ON—

Liberal Terms of Credit?

It costs no more than the cheap stuff generally sold in this way, and it lasts your life time.

This is our specialty, we don't know of any other firm in New England who does it our way. We have a large cash business, too, where you get a discount that makes the strictly cash store feel that ruin stares them in the face.

Ever Been In Here?

Why don't you come, we'll be glad and so will you before you go away.

If you decide to purchase, we pay your fare here and home again.

ONE HUNDRED ROCKERS,

Like Cut, $2.95,

Full Roll Arm and Back, Made Right to Wear, Comfortable, too.

The Household Furniture Co.,

231--237 WEYBOSSET STREET,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

IN SOUTH AFRICA.

Roberts and Kitchener Arrive at Seat of War.

Methuen Considered Likely to Be Relieved by the Field Marshal.

Report That War Office Has Decided to Fall Back Upon Expanding Bullets.

London, Jan. 12.—The war office announces that the list of British casualties at Ladysmith last Saturday has not yet been received.

During the interlude of apparent military inactivity and official reticency, Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener have arrived at the seat of war. It is argued that their clearer vision, supported by 25,000 fresh men who are due to arrive in South Africa within 20 days, will alter the situation, and that the fourth month of the campaign will witness the beginning of victories for the British arms.

GENERAL LORD ROBERTS.

They are not, however, expected to produce definite results for some days; but their mere presence will restore the shaken confidence of the men at the front in their generals.

Lord Roberts finds 120,000 men on the defensive or watching for an opening. Lord Methuen's health, according to The Daily Mail, has "broken down," and the field marshal may relieve him. Possibly some others will be relieved of important commands. There is certainly plenty of rank in evidence in South Africa. In addition to the field marshal, there are two full generals, four lieutenant generals and 12 or 14 major generals.

There is an uneasy suspicion that when the Ladysmith casualties are announced they will be disheartening and will partially destroy the patriotic glow produced by General White's "victory." The list of victims of disease issued by the war office gives 22 deaths from enteric fever and dysentery in Ladysmith in four days, revealing the fact that the besieged are existing amid bad sanitary conditions.

Although the number of deaths from dysentery and entric fever at Ladysmith have been published by the war office since Saturday's fight, nothing has been given out regarding the losses in the engagement. The war office asserts that it has nothing to give out.

Arm-chair critics, who, in the absence of reportorial or official descriptions from the seat of war, pour forth pages of conjecture and opinion, conclude that not much is to be expected of the British hosts in South Africa until Lord Roberts shall have had plenty of time to think and fresh levies shall have arrived. Time is working now for the Boers. Each day makes more difficult the three beleaguered positions.

While a good deal of criticism is being wasted on the strategy and tactics of the generals, no one seems to have pointed out the neglect of the transport service in the British army as one of the main causes of its present troubles. Two army corps, on paper, were said to be always ready to embark for foreign service quicker than the shipping could be provided for them, but in no case during the past 50 years has a British army gone into the field with an adequate transport service. It always had to be improvised at the last moment at an enormous cost, was invariably inefficient, and generally failed at a critical moment. The fault, perhaps, is not in the men of to-day at the head of the war department, but in the system sanctioned by parliament, under which one of the most incompetent chiefs it has almost ever had was allowed to remain for a long series of years at the head of the army, because he was a relative of the sovereign.

Lee-Metford cartridges are running short in the British magazines, and, according to a semi-official report, the war office purposes to fall back temporarily upon 100,000,000 "Mark IV" expanding bullets, most of which are already in storage in South Africa. The war office, however, has issued a strict order to volunteers that the 50 rounds of "Mark IV" given them must not be used in practice at home. After the public announcement that no such bullet would be used in this war, its employment, The Daily Chronicle thinks would be a serious breach of faith, especially as the British commanders have complained that the Boers occasionally use such projectiles.

Burglar Struck Wrong House.

Manchester, N. H., Jan. 12.—Marion and Lena Josselyn, daughters of a manufacturer of this city, nabbed a burglar in their home yesterday. They locked both the back and the front doors and then called the hostler and the police. Before the police arrived they cornered the burglar in the attic and took away from him the money and jewelry that he had stolen. When the police arrived they recognized the offender to be Peter Bizondler, a criminal over whose head a five years' sentence is hanging.

Tanner Says He Doesn't Want It.

Chicago, Jan. 12.—The Tribune prints a long interview with Governor Tanner, in which the governor makes a bitter personal attack upon Senator Cullom. Governor Tanner declares at the outset that he is not a candidate for the senate or any other political office, but that he is strongly opposed to the return of Senator Cullom to the senate.

NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

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A DAILY,

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A new and remarkably attractive publication, profusely illustrated with portraits and half-tones; contains all the striking news features of the Daily Tribune. Special War Despatches, Domestic and Foreign Correspondence, Short Stories, Humorous Illustrations, Industrial Information, Fashion Notes, Agricultural Matters carefully treated, and Comprehensive and Reliable Financial and Market Reports. It is mailed at same hour as the daily edition, reaches a large proportion of subscribers on date of issue, and each edition is a thoroughly up-to-date daily family newspaper for busy people.

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Cash must accompany all orders and the MERCURY subscription must be paid in advance to get the benefit of the offer.

BEGIN NOW No charge made for either paper for the month of December.

NEWPORT ART STORE,

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New Stock.

ELEGANT ETCHINGS, size 20x40, framed in 4 and 5-inch gilt frames—$5.00

Just the thing to hang over a mantle or piano.

THE LATEST STYLES IN

Handsome Box Stationery, Imported Cut Glass Ink Stands, Paper Weights, Ivory Finish Playing Cards and Cards of Cheaper Grade, Paper Cutters, Mantle Ornaments, Whist Prizes.

and a thousand things too numerous to mention. All new designs this fall. No old goods. All IMPORTED stock.

PICTURES FRAMED now at one-half the regular prices.
Largest stock of **MOULDINGS** to select from in the city.
Headquarters for **ARTIST MATERIALS AND STATIONERY.**
Windsor Newton's Common Colors, in tubes, 7 cents each.
Fine Bristle Brushes, only 8 cents each.
Complete line of these goods always on hand.
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THE LATEST THING OUT.

Scotch Oats, fresh

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NEW DESIGNS.

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Newport Illuminating Company,

Electric Light, Electric Power,
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Incandescent and Arc Lamp
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Fixtures and Shades.

Residences, stores and offices wired for and lighted by

Incandescent Electric Light at lowest rates.

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THE GARDINER B. REYNOLDS CO.

===COAL===

All the best varieties of Family and Greenhouse Coal. A full stock of fresh mined Coal. For the convenience of our uptown trade and for FARMERS we have stocked our uptown wharf, opposite H. A. Heath & Co.'s:

Franklin of Lyken's Valley, Lorberry,
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Assistance in loading. Main Office opposite Post Office. Phone 222-3.
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WEEKLY ALMANAC.

JANUARY, 1900. STANDARD TIME

	Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon rises	High water Morn	High water Eve
13 Sat	7 23	4 55	5 28	5 58	6 08
14 Sun	7 23	4 56	6 23	6 23	6 52
15 Mon	7 23	4 57	rises	7 08	7 34
16 Tues	7 22	4 58	6 9	7 48	8 18
17 Wed	7 22	4 59	7 8	8 36	8 55
18 Thurs	7 21	5 1	8 6	9 02	9 24
19 Fri	7 21	5 2	9 4	9 55	10 10

New Moon 1st day, 5h. 27m., evening.
First Quarter 8th day, 8h. 55m., evening.
Full Moon 15th, [illegible] evening.
Last Quarter 23d, 1h. 55m., evening.

New England Commercial Bank.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders January 9th, 1900, the following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year, viz.:

Howard Smith, Harwood E. Read, Nicholas Underwood, Elijah Anthony, Joseph P. Cotton.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors, Joseph P. Cotton was re-elected President, N. Underwood, Cashier.

N. UNDERWOOD, Cashier.

Jan. 8, 1900

NOTICE.

I have removed my ROOTS AND HERBS DISPENSARY and residence to 18 Farewell street. S. W. PEARCE.

Selected Tale.

What Happened to Hannah.

"'Taint a mite likely that anything will ever happen 'round these parts; nothin' ever has,an' nothin' ever will," muttered Hannah Peabody, as she stood in the open doorway and glanced discontentedly up and down the long country road. "Dear me, I suppose I'm dreadful wicked to feel so kinder restless an' uneasy, when the Lord has given me health an' a moderate amount o' comforts, an' work enough to keep me busy most of the time. But somehow there is such a dreadful sameness to it all; one day's as much like another as two peas in a pod. I've done the same things year in an' year out, accordin' as the seasons come round, for the last 20 years, an' there ain't a single thing of any importance happened since sister Sarah got married an' went west to live. I suppose I'm lonesome 'thout Sarah, an' that's one thing that makes me feel so." Hannah sighed as she sank down upon the doorstep and with her elbows upon her knees, and her chin resting between her palms,she went on with her musing. "Folks are allus a-sayin' they shouldn't'a'thought I'd 'a' let Sarah get married, seein' we was all there was left, an' had property enough to live on. Just as though I could 'a' stopped it! Lad Sarah was clean daft over Eben Whitneyan, every one knows that marriage is the only cure for that trouble. Well,Eben's been a good husband to her, as husbands go, though for my part, I'm goin' on 40 an' I've managed middlin' well 'thout one so far." A little smile dimpled the corners of Hannah's mouth as she spoke. "Goodness knows 'taint no man 't I'm a-pinin' for!" she burst out, springing up and "shooing" a hen energetically from off the broad stone step. "Though I'm that anxious for sumethin' to happen, I wouldn't much care whether there was a man mixed up in it or not. Anything for a change."

Stepping out into the road Hannah's keen eyes looked restlessly from side to side. The afternoon sun was beginning its westward journey, and the trees cast cool shadows across the dusty highway. Far beyond her range of vision the road lay straight and level for several miles. Suddenly a cow trotted slowly across the road and disappeared in an adjacent cornfield.

"If there ain't one o' Joe Peter's cows a trampin' through my corn!" exclaimed she, picking up a stick and hastening afte the offending animal, as if glad of something on which to expend her surplus energy. Hannah walked swiftly down the road until the sight of a strange object, standing directly in her path drove all thoughts of the cow from her mind. With its glossy coat of varnish its gleaming silver lamps, its high-backed seat with crimson cushions, stood one of the latest inventions of modern travel, an automobile. Now, though perhaps Hannah may have read of this new kind of vehicle, the actual sight of one standing, solitary and alone in that quiet country road was surely an astonishing vision. Its owner was nowhere in sight, though Hannah's swift glance scanned the bushes and shrubbery along the roadside. Curiosity overcoming her surprise, Hannah stepped up to the strange carriage and examined it closely.

"I snum! If this ain't about the cutest thing I ever did see!" muttered she, placing her hand upon the crimson seat that yielded gently to her touch. "My, ain't these cushions soft! I'd jest like to try 'em to see how they set."

Hannah gave a swift glance backward, but no one was in sight,and with a sudden impulse she stepped carefully into the carriage. Seating herself comfortably upon the yielding cushions,she leaned back with a luxurious sigh.

"Seems kind of spooky 'thout any horse hitched to it," said she aloud. "Makes me think o' when I was a little girl an' played go to ride in grandpa's old carryall. Well, I suppose I'd better get out afore any one comes an' catches me."

With the conscious thrill of a stolen pleasure, Hannah was about to descend when she accidentally placed her hand on the shining lever. Silently the wheels began to turn, and to her horror and dismay she found herself gliding along the smooth road.

"Whoa!" she cried, forgetting in her excitement the invisible power that governed the powerful carriage. "Whoa! I said. Oh, dear! Why don't the pesky thing stop? Whoa! whoa! whoa!

The last word ended in a shriek that seemed to be echoed by another voice as a man's figure came running out of the woods, shouting and waving his arms wildly.

"Stop! stop!" he cried.

"I can't! I can't!" screamed Hannah, leaning wildly forward with outstretched arms as if holding the reins of an infuriated animal.

"Turn the lever!" shouted the man, but Hannah and the horseless carriage had vanished in the distance. On, on they sped, past farmhouses and fields of ripening corn, through shady bits of wood, and beside long fields of turning hay. A cow stood chewing her cud in the middle of the shady road before them, and Hannah closed her eyes with a shudder at the thought of the collision. But the cow ran as cow never ran before, and on they sped. Faster and faster they seemed to fly till the whole landscape seemed to whirl before Hannah's terrified vision. A man with a load of hay turned swiftly to one side as he spied the strange vehicle speeding toward him and as it passed his eyes stood out in astonishment.

"Hannah Peabody, by thunder!" he cried, turning to look after the flying carriage.

As she was borne onward Hannah's feelings were a strange mixture of mingled fright and pleasure. The thought that some evil spirit had heard her wish that something might happen and had taken possession of her bodily, was firmly rooted in her mind, and mingled with her terror was an unholy pleasure in the situation. Come what would,this swiftly gliding motion, this flying through the air with the breezes fanning her face and tingling her cheeks, was a delightful sensation, a hitherto unknown pleasure never dreamed of by Hannah Peabody. But suddenly the thought of the railless bridge at the turn of the road not far before them, made the woman's heart stand still with dread. Desperately she grasped the lever before her as if to steady herself, and unconsciously she turned it in the right direction. Slowly and gently the carriage paused in its wild career, and stood still.

As much astonished at this abrupt ending of her ride as she was at the beginning,Hannah slowly and tremblingly climbed down to the ground.

"For the land sakes, Hannah Peabody, where did you come from?" called out a woman's voice. "Ain't you got lost?"

Glancing up Hannah saw one of the neighboring farmers' wives driving towards her in an open buggy. Not for the world would she have that gossiping Susan Conling know of her adventure. Moving swiftly toward a house on he other side of the road she answered coolly:

"No that I know of, Mis' Conlings. I'm a-goin' to make a call."

The woman drew in her horse and gazed curiously at Hannah's bare head.

"Ain't you afraid of a stroke 'thout your hat on, Hannah?" said she.

For the first time Hannah realized her bonnetless condition, yet her ready wits did not forsake her.

"'Tain't the fashion to wear hats this summer," said she with a laugh, "an' you might as well be out o' the world as out o' fashion."

"Sho! I didn't suppose you cared as much as all that for the fashion, Hannah!" Suddenly her eyes rested on the carriage standing so quietly by the roadside. "Dear me, if there ain't Dr. John Wheeler's horseless carriage. Must be some one's sick in that house, Hannah. Who lives there anyway?" But Hannah evidently did not hear, forwith her hand upon the brass knocker, she stood silently waiting admittance.

"Seem's if Hannah Peabody got more high an' mighty every year," muttered Susan Conlings as she drove slowly homeward.

As the sound of Hannah's knock died away a man's voice called out:—

"Come in!"

Hannah pushed open the door and stepped inside. The long, low room opening out of the entry seemed deserted and a feeling of regret at her imprudence in walking into this strange house made her pause before advancing further. A slight groan startled her, while a man's voice again spoke.

"If that's the doctor, please come right in, for my leg's feeling mighty bad, an' I'm powerful 'fraid it's broke."

Hannah's womanly sympathy was aroused by these words and she hesitated no longer.

"I ain't no doctor an' I only railed as I was passin' to ask for a drink o' water. But if I can do anything to help you I'll be only too glad, seein's as you've got hurt."

As she spoke Hannah walked into the room and toward a low couch upon which lay a man's tall figure.

At the sound of her voice he turned and looked earnestly up into her face.

"Hannah Peabody!" exclaimed he, holding out his hand with a smile.

"Joe Thompson!" The name slipped softly from Hannah's lips as with her hand clasped in his the man and woman gazed into,each other's eyes.

"So you've come home again, Joe, after 20 years," said she, quietly.

"Yes,Hannah,an' the first thing I've done is to fall from the hay mow and break my leg," answered Joe with a laugh that ended in a groan.

Silently Hannah bent, and gently drawing off the shoe and stocking, she began bathing the swollen foot and ankle. A half hour later the doctor pushed open the door and walked in. He looked hot, tired and dusty.

"I've had a nice time getting here, Joe!" exclaimed he, throwing aside his coat and hat and wiping the perspiration from his flushed face. "A woman ran off with my carriage and I've had to foot it for the last three miles. I stopped to get a drink of water from the spring in the wood just below the Peabody place, and when I came out I saw the carriage and a woman disappearing down the road like a streak. I expected every minute there would be a smashup, and I've run most of the way. But there stands my automobile in front of your house as sound as a nut. Now I'd like to know what became of the woman?"

"Well, here she is, doctor," said Hannah, walking in from the kitchen where she had gone for a pail of fresh water.

"What you, Miss Peabody!" cried the doctor in surprise. "How did you happen to run off with my carriage?"

"I didn't; it ran off with me," answered Hannah laughing. "The cushions looked so kind o' soft an' invitin' I thought I'd just try 'em a minute to see how they set, an' the thing started afore I could get out. I hope I didn't hurt nothin' doctor."

Dr. Wheeler started a moment at the woman's cool tone.

"But how did you happen to stop without an accident?" asked he.

"How do you usually stop the thing?" replied Hannah, Yankee fashion.

"By turning the lever," answered the doctor.

"Well, I reckon that's just what I did," said Hannah. The doctor laughed.

"It was lucky you stopped where you did or you might have gone off the bridge a little further on," said he.

"Yes, I thought of that," answered Hannah quietly.

Dr. Wheeler's eyes twinkled merrily as he turned away and proceeded to apply his professional skill to Joe's fractured limb.

"Now, Miss Hannah," said he, when Joe had been made as comfortable as possible. "If you'll stay and look after my patient, I think he'll be as good as new in a month or six weeks."

"A month or six weeks!" repeated Hannah slowly.

"Please stay, Hannah," spoke up Joe pleadingly. Hannah glanced from one to the other before she answered.

"Well, it don't seem exactly Christian-like to leave a man helpless an' alone. So as long as I'm here I suppose I'd better stay."

"That's right, Miss Hannah, I thought you'd feel so about it. I quite agree with you," and with a smiling goodnight the doctor stepped into his horseless carriage and whirled out of sight.

When they were alone Joe's voice first broke the silence.

"I've been wondering, Hannah, if you'd ever changed your mind 'bout that question I asked you 20 years ago. I ain't never found another woman that I could like as well as I did you, an' I've sort of left 'em all alone. But somehow I couldn't make up my mind to live an' die out West, and so after I made my pile I thought I'd come East again, and if you was still Hannah Peabody I would put the question to you once more. I've bought this place, and though it ain't any better than the one you've got, it would be sort of a change. You couldn't make up your mind to stay for good, could you, Hannah?"

For a moment Hannah did not speak, then, with a smile that broadened with her words she said:

"Well, Joe, I don't know but I could, for, as you say, 'twould be sort of a change, anyhow."—Cornelia Wesson Boyden.

He. "Is your husband laying anything up for a rainy day, my good woman?"

She. "No, sir; but he 's saving up to buy a snow shovel."—Yonkers Statesman.

Pino del Pilar "I hear the mills in America are running night and day."

Aguinaldo. "Well, so are we."—American Economist.

It is supposed that the average depth of sand in the deserts of Africa is from thirty to forty feet.

A Jackass Who Prospected.

"Mining is the most fascinating business under the sun," said Joseph H. Keep, of Spokane, Wash. "Once the fever of it gets into a man's bones, he never lets go until advancing years, death, or in some few cases, the actual making of a strike, puts an end to his labors as a prospector. The stories of some of the finds and the fortunes made thereby are really wonderful. For instance, take that of 'Harry' Blaine and 'Dutch' Jake, who are running a variety house in Spokane to-day. Together they grub-staked N. S. Kellogg and Phil O'Rourke to a miner's outfit, and a man named Peck staked them to a jackass. The tales differ as to how the discovery was actually made. The jackass in any event got lost, and one story is told to the effect that when found he was pawing the ground and had uncovered the mines. The other and more probable story is that in hunting for the jackass they came across the outcrop of these mines that are today the greatest lead mines in the world; or rather lead mine, since they have been consolidated. Kellogg, however, allowed the time for the filing of the location to elapse and then he and O'Rourke located anew, calling one the Bunker Hill and the other the O'Sullivan mine. They tried to freeze out Peck, who had grubstaked them to the jackass, and Peck brought suit, claiming that he was entitled to an interest in the mines. Peck won his suit and the decision handed down by the Court in his favor is famous throughout the West. It reads something as follows: "Inasmuch as the jackass, Phil O'Rourke and N. S. Kellogg discovered the Bunker Hill and O'Sullivan mines, we find that the plaintiff is entitled to the proportion belonging to the jackass." The defendants compromised with Peck for $80,000 and later sold the mines for $700,000, and to-day they are worth millions.

"To his honor it is held in memory in the West that Kellogg immediately retired the jackass from further work, and he lived to a good and fat old age, grazing on the finest lands of Oregon at a monthly expense of $20 to Kellogg.

Most Deadly Weapon.

In accordance with the recommendation of Parliament, writes a Woolwich correspondent, the British navy is being strengthened by the addition of a new gun which will insure the supremacy of Great Britain over the seas for many years to come. It is known as the 12-inch steel and wire gun, and is not only the best weapon which the royal navy has ever had, but is far superior to any gun possessed by any foreign navy.

It weighs 50 tons, is 41 feet long, has a muzzle velocity of 2,367 feet per second. The projectile weighs 820 pounds, the bursting charge being 83 pounds and the firing charge being 167 1-2 pounds of cordite.

The admiralty has ordered 150, at a cost of £10,000 each. Of these 150 have been completed, and 300 are still in the hands of the contractors.

Each man-of-war will carry four of these formidable weapons, and when the navy is supplied they will be issued to forts on the sea front. The new gun will be the heaviest in the service, and will take the place of the 110-ton and 80-ton guns, of which no more are to be made.

The best Krupp gun can fire a shot twelve and a half miles and the United States government is constructing at its arsenal at Watervliet, a monster gun, which, it is said, will carry a heavy shot 21 miles. The new British naval gun, though less than half the weight of the American weapon, mounted on the heights of Dover, can, however, drop a shell on the shores of France. No accuracy of aim could, of course, be attained or maintained at this long distance, the effective range being 16,000 yards, or between nine and ten miles.—London Leader.

Historic Cannon Found.

Diver Bob Chase, of Portland, while excavating for a new wharf at Bangor, Me., came upon two cannon buried in the mud of the Penobscot River bottom. They were badly rust eaten, but upon being cleaned they will make valuable souvenirs of the visit of Commodore Saltonsall's expedition to the Penobscot in 1779. This doughty warrior was not a British Commodore, as some would have others believe, but he was an American lighter and he was sent by the government in 1779 to Castine to recapture this historic old place from the British. He had a good fleet, well manned, and when he cast anchor in front of the battlements of Castine he presented rather an imposing force before the enemy.

Had he struck immediately he could probably have captured the place, but he waited and waited, and days passed without the fight taking place. He waited too long. A British fleet as strong as his own made its appearance in the bay and then there was nothing to do but to flee. The Commodore did flee, and he started hastily up the Penobscot with the British close at his heels. Upon reaching Bangor, Saltonstall and his men deserted the ships, took what stuff they could carry, and blew up their vessels off City Point in order to prevent the pursuing force from getting any prize.

East and West.

When one of the regiments of volunteers from the Pacific coast was lately at San Francisco being mustered out after a year's service in the Philippines, a lady who belonged to the volunteers' aid association engaged one of the soldiers in conversation. She asked him:

"Were you well treated while you were in the east?"

"East, ma'am? I've never been east," he answered. "I was born in California, and I've never been farther east than Salt Lake City."

"But I mean the far east," she said.

"Well, ma'am, Salt Lake's 'far east' to me. Never been farther."

"But you've been in Manila, haven't you?"

"Sure."

"But we call that the east, you know."

"Manila east? Well I reckon it's a heap west of here. We started here and sailed straight west all the time till we got there."

"Yes, I know, but you can get east by sailing west, you know."

"Well, ma'am," answered the soldier, "I've been wanting to go east all my life, but if I've got to go that way to get there I'm going to stay right here all my life. I've got enough of goin' east that way."—Youth's Companion.

CASTORIA.
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Just a Mistake.

The travelling men employed by a certain cracker factory of this city, said a New Orleans drummer yesterday, have all their grips labelled in big, black letters, Dynamite—Handle With Care. Wherever they go the inscription makes more or less talk and is a pretty good ad. for the house. About a week ago a large sample case arrived by express in a little town not far up the country, and on one side was the familiar dynamite lettering. The luggage had been sent ahead of a traveller, who was expected next day, and being on to the cracker factory gag, the clerk thought he would have some fun with a green porter, who had just been engaged. Calling the man into the office he pointed out the case and told him to take it up stairs. The porter read the inscription and turned pale as death.

"Scuse me, sir, but I'd rather not touch that thing," he said. "Oh, bosh!" replied the clerk; "what are you afraid of?" and walking over to the grip he gave it a kick that sent it half across the floor. The porter let out a yell like a Comanche and started for the door. "There's no danger in dynamite," said the clerk, giving the thing a few more jolts, "and if you don't take it up stairs right away I shall certainly have you fired." The poor porter picked up the case very gingerly, and holding it at arms' length, began to mount the stairs. Several employes made a point of bumping into him on the way, and when he returned he was bathed in cold sweat. Of course everybody had a good laugh, and the matter was forgotten until the next morning, when a black whiskered gentleman walked in and wrote his name on the register. "I had my grip sent on ahead," he remarked as he laid down the pen; "has it arrived yet?" "Yes, sir," said the clerk, "it's here all right. How is the cracker business?" "Cracker business!" exclaimed the stranger, looking surprised, "I'm not in the cracker business!" "What do you do, then," asked the clerk, getting white. "I'm on my way to the salt mines," said the man, "to sell 'em some explosives."—New York Democrat.

Power of Will.

Lawrence Barrett, the great actor, was a striking illustration of the power of will in pushing a boy forward, and keeping him in the front. In early boyhood he was harshly treated, and all the knowledge he acquired outside his letters he acquired by his own efforts.

When a boy, working for his own living, he got the property man of a theatrical company to give him the ends of the candles used in the house. These he took to his garret and stuck into nails driven into the floor, because the lights were too short to burn long enough in the bottles which he sometimes used to hold his candles in. By the uncertain light of these candles, lying on his stomach, he studied an old copy of Webster's Dictionary,which formed his entire library. A friend, speaking of him, said: "I have heard these and other stories told by him to the President in the White House, and in the presence of the foreign ministers and secretaries of state, and their wives and daughters, as simply as if he was boasting of the claims of long and honorable ancestry. To show how familiar he was with his dictionary, the only book he had, he could repeat, spell, and define many words now long out of use, but which he studied in his old edition of the dictionary.

Case of Unpopularity.

Sir William Harcourt is known by the sobriet of the "The Squire of Malwood," and his house parties are deservedly famous, the more so that they are presided over by one of the most charming women in society, who, nee Miss Motley, was the first American whose marriage made English society the richer by the introduction of a new and welcome element. At the time of the marriage Mr. Vernon Harcourt was a widower with one son and Mrs. Ives a widow. In those days though no one decried the supreme and almost uncanny cleverness of Vernon Harcourt he was by no means popular in the general world. The story goes that on one occasion six men agreed to give a dinner at Brooks's, and each was to ask the most disagreeable man he knew. Covers were accordingly laid for twelve, but only seven sat down and the seventh was Mr. Vernon Harcourt!

It does not often happen that one has the chance of hearing the same story told in two different ways, so perhaps it may be of interest to quote yet another version of the same tale. Two gentlemen, whose spirits were high, agreed together to enjoy a fish dinner at Greenwich, and each was to bring a friend, who was to be in every case the man whom his host most disliked. Covers were laid for twenty-four, but when all the guests had arrived a small boy had to be called in, as the were only thirteen ready to sit down to dinner. Each of the hosts had asked Mr. Vernon Harcourt!—Ignota in the New Lippincott for January.

The Workbox.

KNITTED ZOUAVE JACKET.

This little jacket is fashioned from a long strip of plain knitting, which, when properly joined, with sufficient space left for armholes, makes a comfortable little jacket. Procure five ounces of Fleisher's Germantown zephyr, a pair of No. 9 bone or rubber needles and cast on 48 stitches. Work backwards and forwards in plain garter stitch until 41 inches are completed, or for a stout person about 46 inches; bind off loosely.

Sew the casting-off stitches very neatly to the casting-on stitches. Now the work looks like a roller towel. Lay it on the table before you, one half folded evenly over the other half, and the seam exactly in the centre. At the top of the seam another join is to be made, sewing the two pieces together about five inches along on each side of the seam, and stopping when six inches from the end, which six stitches are to be left open on each side to form armholes. Crochet an edge all around. If too high at back, turn over a little to form a collar. A couple of buttons will fasten it at the front.—Eva M. Niles.

How much do you grow?
What's your garden going to yield this year? All depends on the seed. Sow right and the chances are you'll reap right. Sow
Gregory's Seeds
and you'll get the greatest yield your ground will give. All seeds guaranteed. Year Book for 1900 contains broad usage offer to all who grow vegetables or flowers for pleasure or profit. Write for it.
J. J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass.
GREGORY'S SEED CATALOGUE FOR 1900

Little Elmer. "Pa, what is brute force?"

Pa. It's something Boston poets call to their aid when they make banner rhyme with hosanna."—Chicago Times-Herald.

You May Need
Pain-Killer
For ACCIDENTS
Cuts
Burns
Bruises
Wounds, &c., &c.
It gives instant relief and cures quickly.
In case of sudden illness
Cramps
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All Bowel Complaints
it is a sure, safe and quick remedy.
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Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.
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Broadway, 9th & 10th Sts.,
New York, July 24, 1899
Gentlemen:
Being associated for so many years with the above Firm and being closely confined brought on constipation. A package of your Tablets has cured me and I take great pleasure in recommending them to those who are affected in a similar way.
Yours truly,
C. W. Eastwood.
To the U. S. Army & Navy Tablet Co.,
17 East 14th St., N. Y. City.
10 and 25 cents per package, at all druggists.

MICHAEL F. MURPHY,
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—AND—
BUILDER
OF MASON WORK,
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Filling, Draining and all kinds of Jobbing promptly attended to.
Orders left at
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Special Bargains!
For the next 30 days we offer our entire line of
Fall and Winter Woolens,
Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign and domestic fabrics, at 15 per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.
J. K. McLENNAN,
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AN EXCELLENT LITTLE
UPRIGHT PIANO
in good repair for $70, $10 down and $5.00 per month. A discount will be made for cash. Don't fail to call and examine.
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Transfer Express Co.
SUNDAY CALLS.
The charge for calls for baggage on Sundays between the hours of 7 a. m. and 6 p. m., will be double the regular rate.
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Binders to the State.

SANTAL-MIDY
These tiny Capsules are superior to Balsam of Copaiba, Cubebs or Injections and CURE IN 48 HOURS the same diseases without inconvenience.
MIDY
Sold by all Druggists.

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are the desirable qualities combined in our
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We have a large collection on exhibition at the Studio, and invite you to call and see them.
Particular attention paid to children's portraits.
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Boots!
Calf Boots,
Kip Boots,
Grain Boots,
Felt Boots,
Wool Boots,
Rubber Boots,
at our usual moderate prices, at
M. S. HOLM'S,
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HAVING PURCHASED THE
Shop and Good Will
—OF—
Mr. Lewis Skinner,
ON FERRY WHARF.
Should be pleased to notify the public that I shall carry on the business in connection with my present stand on Commercial wharf.
ALL HORSESHOEING
—AND—
JOBBING
promptly attended to at either place.
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Plans and Estimates furnished on application. General Jobbing, Mason, Tile and Stucco Work executed with dispatch.
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CALL PERSONS, desirous of having water introduced into their residence or places of business, should make application at the office, Marlboro street, near Thames.
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Diastasic Extract of Malt.
This preparation represents the best and most nutritious form of MALT, containing a large percentage of diastase and extractive matter together with a minimum amount of alcohol. It is especially adapted to promote digestion of starchy food converting it into dextrine and glucose, in which form it is easily assimilated, forming fat.
It will be found invaluable in Weakness, Chronic Debility, Dyspepsia, (due to organic disease or infirmity), Nervous Exhaustion, Anæmia, Malnutrition, etc.
To Nursing Mothers it wonderfully increases strength, aiding lactation, and supplying sugar and phosphates to the milk, whereby the infant is nourished.
In sleeplessness it causes quiet and natural sleep.
DIRECTIONS—A wineglassful with each meal and on going to bed, or as may be directed by the Physician. It may be diluted with water and sweetened to suit the taste. Children in proportion to age.
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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Word of Warning.

At what age are bachelors and maids generally called "old?" This depends very much on themselves. A woman is no older than she looks and a man no older than he feels. The fact is people bring upon themselves the appellation of old bachelor and old maid. As a rule it is not given to anyone who retains a well regulated mind, a disposition to enjoy simple pleasures, sympathy with the suffering of others, and fortitude to support his or her own pains. A bachelor who becomes small in his aims and pursuits, who is self absorbed if not selfish, who behaves in an unseemly way, who is easily provoked, who rejoiceth in iniquity—such as he is considered a miserable "old" bachelor.

So, too, the term "old" maid is given soon and frequently to the harsh voiced, abrupt mannered, unmarried woman, who imitates man in dress, and tone, and bearing, who interferes with relatives and sets them quarreling, whose rudeness and selfishness make everyone uncomfortable in hotel or boarding house where she, her cat, dog and canary live.

Very different is the old maid who may be described as a success—and there are such. She may not have an absorbing mission but she puts every one into a good humor, and is always desired. She is not soured by celibacy, but can think of and plan for the happiness of others. She is gentle, ready and helpful in that in sickness or any other emergency. Her eyes are "lamps of silent prayer," and she is truly religious, but she does not talk much about religion.

Imprisoned Chinese Emperor.

The Emperor of China remains practically a prisoner, shut up in one of the palaces, no one knows where, within the walls of the Imperial City, while the Empress Dowager is the virtual head of the empire. Conservative, cruel and remorseless, she is in sympathy with the literary element—those who have been raised to important posts of competitive examinations in the Chinese classics—and she is unfavorable to Western innovations of every sort. Before the coup d'etat which resulted in the downfall of the Emperor an important step had been taken, and this was to permit the teaching of English literature and sciences in the new Imperial University, but with the advancement of the Empress Dowager, supported and encouraged by the mandarins, this important step has been reconsidered.

By the masses, strangely enough, since they usually adhere tenaciously to old customs, the Empress Dowager is heartily disliked, notwithstanding her stubborn adherence to Chinese traditions. A young, intelligent Chinese was asked recently if any one liked her. He replied with hesitation: "Some of the men with mustaches." By which he meant the old mandarins.—Correspondence New York Tribune.

What They Wanted.

Now that the eyes of the world, or a good many of them, are turned in the direction of Ladysmith, there is a revival of stories about the gallant Sir Henry Smith, after whose wife the place was named. He was Governor of Cape Colony fifty years or so ago, and led a number of exceedingly arduous campaigns against the Kaffirs. Returning from one of these, he held a review of his troops, who were in a most dilapitated condition, barefooted, ragged, half-starved, and generally unkempt tatterdemalions, and lavished all manner of compliments upon them, dilating upon their bravery, endurance, and smart and soldierlike appearance. This final commendation was the last straw which broke down the patience of an old color-sergeant, one of the general's particular favorites, who was in an especially evil case. Stepping forward from the ranks, he saluted most respectfully, and exclaimed: "Begging your pardon, Sir 'Arry, we don't want no gammon, we want boots."—New York Post.

Self-fertile plants or varieties are those which do not require pollen from other plants or varieties in order to produce seeds or fruit. Self-sterile plants or varieties are those which do require pollen from other plants.

The fossil vertebrates of North America, north of Mexico, are found by Mr. O. P. Hay to embrace 3234 species of 1118 genera. The group of birds has the largest proportion of survivals—thirty-three species in 102.

Nasal CATARRH.

CATARRH

In all its stages there should be cleanliness.

Ely's Cream Balm

cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.

COLD IN HEAD

Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spread over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial size, 10 cents by mail.

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OPENING OF THE FLORIDA SEASON.

Inauguration of the Magnificently Appointed New York and Florida Limited Service.

The placing in service of "The New York and Florida Limited" of the Southern Railway, the handsomest train in the world, always signifies the opening of the Florida social season. The superb train leaves New York on its initial trip for the season of 1900 Tuesday, January 16th, at 12.40 p. m., and will run daily, except Sunday, throughout the season, reaching St. Augustine 3.34 the next afternoon. The train is composed exclusively of compartment cars, finished in royal elegance; Pullman drawing room sleeping cars, constructed especially for this train, a sumptuous dining car and observation cars. It runs through solid to St. Augustine except one drawing room sleeping car, which is detached at Columbia, S. C., and runs through to Aiken and Augusta for the convenience of travelers to these popular resorts. One car is also detached at Jacksonville and runs through to Tampa and Port Tampa, on the west coast. "The New York and Florida Limited" affords passengers the most delightful way of reaching Florida resorts under conditions of the greatest comfort and speed, and it is universally acknowledged that it illustrates, more than any other train in the world, the wonderful development which has been made in construction and elegance in railroad equipment. In addition to the "New York and Florida Limited" the Southern Railway also operates two other daily trains to Florida. One of these, the "U. S. Fast Mail," leaves New York at 12.10 a. m., every day in the week. This train carries Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars through to Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Miami. Meals are served in dining car. The other train, the "New York and Florida Express," leaves New York at 3.25 p. m. daily, and carries Pullman drawing-room sleeping cars to Jacksonville and Port Tampa. Like the other trains, it has a dining car service. The Southern railway runs through the charming Piedmont region of Virginia, and its entire route is most picturesque and attractive. Its road-bed and equipment are up to the highest standard of excellence. Full information, reservations, rates, etc., may be had by applying to the offices of the Southern Railway, 271 Broadway, New York. A. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent.

The "New Lippincott"

The "New Lippincott" for January, 1900, begins the year with a complete novel, full of fresh sensations and amusing episodes, called "The Bread Line," by Albert Bigelow Paine. This is a tale of fun and love in New York's bohemia, beginning with New Year's night at the Model Bakery on Broadway, where some comrades encounter "The Bread Line," and ending there, after a year spent in trying to start a newspaper in a bohemian studio. Love plays a signal part in redeeming the hero.

The significant series of stories on Mormon Life, by Mrs. J. K. Hudson, begins in this number with "The Third Wife."

The short fiction will consist of three extraordinary stories by comparatively new writers: "Behind the Lines," a tale of social life in Washington, by Archibald Willingham Butt; "The Story of a Sky-Scraper," by Percie W. Hart, and a charming tale by Evelyn Sharp, entitled "In the Prince's Shoes."

Of timely papers there are many: "Art and the Camera," by F. Holland Day, Mrs. Crowninshield's "The Paris Fair in Outline," and "An English Music Festival," by Thomas Whitney Surette. The third paper by Ignota, in a series on English society, is entitled "English Political House Parties," and Dr. Theodore F. Wolfe, in "A Bookish Corner of New Jersey," talks about some interesting people.

Charles G. D. Roberts contributes a quatrain called "The White Frost," and Theodosia Pickering Garrison, a poem appropriate to the season, under the title, "Two Women."

The reputation of being the driest spot on earth is claimed for Payta, in Peru, a place about five degrees south of the equator on a coast that has risen forty feet in historic times. Prof. David G. Fairchild, a recent visitor, reports having reached there in February just after a rain of more than twenty-four hours, the first for eight years. The average interval between two showers is seven years. Sea-fogs are common. Of about nine species of plants noticed, seven were annuals and their seeds must have remained dormant in the ground for eight years. In spite of the lack of rain, the long-stapled Peruvian cotton is grown in the dried-up river-bed, furnishing crops first yield subsistence to the natives.

"Bob," said Tom, "which is the most dangerous word to pronounce in the English language?" "Don't know, unless it's a swearing word." "Pooh!" said Tom; "it's stumbled, because you are sure to get a tumble between the first and last letter." "Ha! ha!" said Bob. "Now, I've one for you. I found it one day in the paper. Which is the longest word in the English language?" "Valetudinarianism," said Tom, promptly. "No, sir; it's smiles, because there's a whole mile between the first and last letter." "Ho! ho!" cried Tom, "that's nothing. I know a word that has three miles between its beginning and ending." "What's that?" asked Bob, faintly. "Beleaguered," said Tom. New Orleans Picayune.

Women's Dep't.

Women at Michigan University.

The University of Michigan Daily, published by the students at Ann Arbor, issued on Dec. 16 a "woman's edition," full of interesting matter. It contained, among other things, a symposium by the professors on the question: Is Coeducation a Failure?" Prof. B. A. Hinsdale, head of the pedagogical department, answers:

Noah W. Cheever contributes an interesting account of how girls were first admitted to the University. He says:

It is somewhat amusing now to recall the numerous objections made to the admission of women to the University, especially by our well-educated and able University faculty. They raised many objections: First, that women were not strong enough physically to do the work; second, that they did not possess the mental qualities necessary to master the higher branches of knowledge; third, that it would cause untold disaster to the moral atmosphere of the University; fourth, that it would lower the standard of requirements, and turn the University into a mere female seminary.

However, the women came, and the first comers, being mature and very earnest students, took and maintained the lead in scholarship in most of the classes. The boys at first did not take kindly to the innovation, but, after a few unseemly demonstrations, concluded to make the best of it, and follow on as best they could the leadership of these progressive women. It is curious to note that not a single prediction of these wise and learned men in our University faculty turned out to be well founded. The women continued to come in increasing numbers, until now we have 800 in attendance. They were not quite as strong, physically, as the men, but, being more used to indoor work, and being uniformly of better character than the men, they have endured the hard work as well as their brothers, if not better.

Intellectually they have proved themselves quite the equal of the young men, in all departments of study. In morals they have shown themselves far superior. They have maintained the highest character and standing in this respect, without a single exception, from 1870 to the present time, and by their influence have raised the standard of character and conduct among the students of the University at least 50 per cent.

The University has not been turned into a female seminary, and the standard for admission and the requirements in the courses have steadily advanced. There has been an occasional growl at them from some representatives of the old fogy civilization of Europe, but it is admitted on all hands that they have been mentally and morally a great aid to the University. The people of our State could not now be induced to take one backward step in this progressive movement. The mothers of this nation have more influence upon the young than the fathers, and an educated woman becomes a great power for good in her own household, as well as in the community generally.

This admission into our University was the starting of a great social revolution. It means that within fifty years the women of most civilized nations will stand equal with men in their right to the higher mental culture, to the acquirement and ownership of property, to equal business rights and privileges, and to political rights and privileges. As a rule the women of this country do not smoke or drink or visit saloons, and in every way occupy a much higher moral plane than the men. In a great measure they do this because the men demand it. The men are able to enforce their demands in this regard because up to the present time they have possessed all the higher education, all the trades and professions or bread-winning powers, and last but not least, the ballot or the law-making power. The women for the most part were confined to two sources of support—housekeeping and teaching district school. They must get married or starve. The men, however dissolute, would not marry them unless they were up to the high standard of their requirements. When the women of this nation shall obtain the higher education and also the trades and professions or bread-winning powers and the ballot, they will then make the same demands of men in regard to a high moral standard as the men now make of them; and their demands will be duly approbated and regarded.

This "women's edition" of the University of Michigan Daily Times contains also sketches of Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, Dr. Eliza M. Mosher, and other well-known alumnæ among the 1,536 women whom the University has graduated; a description of the public school system of Michigan; portraits of all the successive presidents of the University; a report of what its women graduates have done in pharmacy, dentistry, etc.; an article by Mrs. James B. Angell, on "The education of Turkish girls;" an account of the Greek letter sisterhoods at Ann Arbor, the Women's Gymnasium, Ladies' Literary Association, Women's League, Hospital Circle of King's Daughters, and other societies including the Ann Arbor Equality Club; poetry; stories of college life and much interesting matter besides. The price of the women's edition is ten cents.

Mrs. Leland Stanford writes to friends in Washington that she has now disposed of every vestige of her enormous fortune, and has recently signed deeds transferring all her real estate to the trustees of Leland Stanford University. This includes the largest cattle ranches, horse-breeding establishments, and vineyards in the world, with various farms, country houses, and large tracts of wild land. The deed covered sixty-six pages of type-written manuscript, and required $7,000 in internal revenue stamps. Mrs. Stanford had previously transferred to the University all her personal estate, consisting stocks and bonds valued at $15,000,000; and, so far as the actual ownership of property is concerned, she is now as destitute as the day on which she was born. She has a contract, however, with the trustees, under which she is to receive for life an annuity of $25,000, and all her relatives were liberally provided for by Mr. Stanford.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed the thoughtless girl. "I have done it again!"

"What have you done?"

"Hurt the feelings of that gentleman who plays tragedy. I asked him if he thought there were any great actors living now."—Washington Star.

Humus is the name applied to the partially decomposed organic (animal and vegetable) matter of the soil. It is the principal source of nitrogen in the soil.

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Breakfast Cocoa

TRADE-MARK.

Costs less than One Cent a cup.

Be sure that the Package bears our Trade-Mark.

A Perfect Food. Pure, Nutritious, Delicious.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Limited.

Established 1780.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

Aristocratic Tailors.

In a fashionable street in the West End there is a firm of tailors who are all noblemen, and by noblemen I do not necessarily mean peers, but the sons or brothers of men who are peers. In the tailoring establishment I am referring to, the man who receives the customer is a son of a marquis and entitled to the courtesy prefix of "Lord" before his name. His partner is an actual peer, and the representative of one of the oldest titles in England. In the days before he managed to ruin himself he was noted for his taste in dress. Now he charges a regular fee for advice, and receives it. In other words, the vulgar young stockbroker or the newly arrived stranger from the woolly West can consult Lord H. in regard to the exact cut of the trousers they desire, or the number of buttons they should have on their coats, and in exchange for a fee of two guineas paid in advance receive the most careful information and instruction. The money is not handed to his lordship direct, but to another man, who used to be a captain in a lancer regiment, and has now acquired a wonderful knowledge of materials. Consequently he is the buyer of the firm as well as cashier.

The cutters are regular tailors, but the whole of the dressing is carefully watched by the aristocratic experts, and a man who places himself in their hands can be perfectly sure that he will be turned out looking, as far as nature will permit him, "like a gentleman."

The noble proprietors of the tailoring shop do not put their real name on their "shingles," but trade under a pseudonym. On the other hand, another lord, who has several milkshops, puts his name and title across the shop front. There is a lord who is in regular business as a jam maker; a baronet who has two umbrella shops; still another baronet who is a pawnbroker. Several nobles act as go-betweens for money-lenders, and are not ashamed to drag their ancient names in the consequent mud which somehow or other always attaches itself to usury. One peer of the realm is a fugitive from justice, and is now employed as a chairmaker somewhere in Australia. The crime he committed could, if necessary, require his being brought back to this country, but for the sake of his father and predecessor in the title, it has simply been intimated to him that he will be prosecuted without mercy if he ever returns to England.—London Cor. Mail and Express.

Ages of Senators.

Four of the oldest men in the United States Senate sit side by side on the front row. They are Pettus of Alabama, who is seventy-eight years old; Cockrell of Missouri, who is seventy-five; Vest of Missouri, who is verging on seventy, and Morgan of Alabama, will be seventy-six next June.

Age has dealt lightly with these four old men, with the exception of Senator Vest, who is beginning to give evidence of the weight of three score years and ten upon his diminutive form. Pettus is wonderfully well preserved. He is known as the Confucius of the Senate, because he looks so wise and is so deliberate in his talk. Cockrell is one of the hardest workers in the Senate, and his constant watchfulness while bills are being considered is proverbial. Vest used to be one of the greatest orators and debaters in the body, though of late he has participated but little in the proceedings. Morgan is one of the wise men of the Senate. He knows everything about everything. When he was a boy and books were scarce he used to train his memory by learning to repeat each volume a chapter at a time. His parents wished him to become a minister, but he drifted into law and then into politics. He is one of the few men in the Senate who has the really broad gauge of the statesman.

Very few of the old men in the Senate show their age. No one would ever suspect that Platt of Connecticut is seventy-two, or that Cullom of Illinois was seventy last November. Senator Hawley of Connecticut is seventy-three; Gear of Iowa will be seventy-five next April, and Hoar of Massachusetts is seventy-three. Senator Teller is still vigorous with his seventieth birthday rapidly approaching, and Frye is a remarkably young man for the weight of nearly seventy years. Jones of Nevada is sixty-nine, while his colleague, Stewart, is seventy-two.

Senator Bate of Tennessee, like the late Senator Harris, will not disclose his age. He must be seventy or thereabout, for he was a soldier in the Mexican war, over half a century ago.—Washington Post.

She handed the check to the paying teller. She was calm and collected, as if it was an everyday matter.

"Madam," said the teller gently, "you have forgotten to indorse it."

"Indorse it?" with a little worried smile.

"Yes; you must write your name on the back here to show that you will repay this bank in case the issuer of this check should fail to answer our call."

"Oh!" she said, accepting the pen.

When the teller looked at the check again this is what he read:

"The —— bank has always paid up what it owes, and you need have no worry. Therefore I indorse this check. Very truly yours, Mrs. J. B. Blanks."

The teller fell over into the vault.—Syracuse Herald.

"You will have trouble, miss," said the fortune teller, "with a tall, dark man."

And on her way home she was held up by a gigantic African and robbed of all the money she had failed to give the fortune teller, amounting to 50 cents.—Chicago Tribune.

"Ah!" said the good old lady who was visiting the prisoners, "how your poor wife must weep as she thinks of you here."

"Which one, ma'am?" asked the convict addressed; "I'm up for bigamy!"—Philadelphia Record.

Stories About Gen. Lawton.

The northern Indiana friends of the late General Henry W. Lawton, whose untimely death at the head of his troops in Luzon occurred just a week ago, are recalling many of the interesting incidents of his early life in this region, where his early manhood was spent.

General Lawton's old army comrades, some of whom live in this city, do not accept the statements from various parts of the country that "pull" got his appointment in the regular army. They declare that he was preferred solely on account of his merits and that if influence had had any part in it he would at least have been a captain instead of a second lieutenant. Others of less ability than he were given captaincies. Lawton had a wide range of information. In addition to a thorough mastery of every detail of military science he was an authority on international law, and in his examination this counted for much. Colonel Charles A. Zollinger, formerly Mayor of Fort Wayne, and a good officer, went to Louisville, Ky., with Lawton for the examination, and failed completely, while Lawton's examination was a model one. The sword which the Indiana admirers of General Lawton were raising a purse to procure for him on his return from the Philippines would have been the second of which he was the recipient had he lived. In 1861, after he had made a name for himself, he was, while at Fort Wayne on a furlough, called to the Aveline hotel, and there, in the presence of his father, uncle and many prominent citizens, given a handsome sword. He left the weapon with his uncle, Daniel, who kept it for years, and the late Captain J. B. White, of Fort Wayne, a few years ago, at Lawton's request, brought it to Washington and turned it over to him.

General Lawton got his first instruction in military tactics in a Fort Wayne marching club known as the Wide Awakes. There were rival clubs in the town, and that to which Lawton belonged had its meetings in the old firearms hall corner of Court and Berry streets, Fort Wayne, and many of the volunteer firemen of the town were members.

There was a romance connected with the life of General Lawton, to which because, possibly, of its painful nature, he seldom or never alluded. After the close of the civil war, and while he was residing at Fort Wayne, he met Miss Emily Sturgis, the pretty and accomplished daughter of a leading physician of the place. Lawton was hit hard and paid the young lady marked attention. She apparently received him with favor, and his suit was ardently pressed, but when he proposed marriage she declined and the young warrior was cut to the heart. At the time he was studying law, and he at once abandoned the profession and applied for a commission in the regular army. He was offered a lieutenancy, and, inasmuch as his career in the rebellion was a brilliant one, his acquaintances thought he would reject the place; but, smarting under the recollection of the unfortunate issue of his love affair, he did accept it and left Fort Wayne to return no more. Miss Sturgis later married Captain Kelsey and went with him to Louisville, Ky., where she is said to be living now.—Globe Democrat.

Origin of an Old Saying.

The discussion raised by the New York Times as to the origin of the quotation "Cleanliness is next to godliness," which Ambassador Choate ascribed to the Bible, has called forth two letters to that paper referring the passage back to Talmud. The fact seems to have been overlooked by Bartlett in his "Familiar Quotations." It is not altogether strange that the quotation should sometimes be ascribed to the scriptures, as the volume of Hebrew traditions and commentaries from which it comes is older than some parts of the Bible. It first appears in the "Beraitha" as the last "Mishna" of "Sota," chapter IX. It is afterwards found in other Hebrew works, from one of which that learned rabbi, Dr. Bettelheim, gives the following translation:

Phineas ben Yair says: "The doctrines of religion are resolved into (or are next to) carefulness; carefulness into vigorousness; vigorousness into guiltlessness; guiltlessness into abstemiousness; abstemiousness into cleanliness; cleanliness into godliness or holiness," etc. The meaning of the original is that cleanliness is next to (or akin would perhaps be a clearer rendering) godliness or holiness. We have an old Latin proverb rendering of the same, which we took for many years to be the original, until we discovered the earlier authority.

The wise reader will do well to cut this out and paste it upon the fly-leaf of his "Familiar Quotations," as a safeguard against displaying his biblical ignorance when he becomes ambassador at the court of St. James.—Chicago Tribune.

"Are you in favor of reform?" was asked Senator Sorghum.

"I am," answered the senator, "I just gave $50 to a reform school and I told my wife she could wear rainy-day skirts wherever she felt inclined."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Youngbusband. It's awful to think of that poor tramp being picked up dead on Christmas day.

Youngbusband.—I can just imagine how you feel, my dear, but perhaps he wasn't the one you gave that mince pie to.—Judge.

Teacher. Now, Johnnie, what is the fiercest animal to be found in the polar regions?

Johnnie. Why, er-er-er-the-

Teacher. Don't you know? The pa—

Johnnie. Oh, yes! the Polecat!—Philadelphia Press.

"A Boston man says he would rather be Aguinaldo than McKinley."

"Well, he evidently has more confidence in his legs than his head."—Indianapolis Journal.

Fourteen Million Francs.

The French treasury has made a most disagreeable and perplexing discovery. It has found that the trifle of fourteen millions of francs has unaccountably gone astray—has got lost in some unexplained way. When M. Peytral was making up the budget for 1899 he stumbled on what struck him as almost providential resource. The state, he found, was in possession of some fourteen million of francs paid to it in the course of a great many years for postal orders, the refunding of which had never been demanded, by some strange indifference on the part of their innumerable beneficiaries. It would seem impossible that so large a sum of money could collect in this way, but as its existence is vouched for by so grave a person as a Minister of finance the fact can only be wondered at and accepted. Having discovered the windfall, M. Peytral, and after him his successor, M. Cailaux, was anxious to lay hands on it, but here another surprise was in store for him. Beyond all possibility of doubt the money must be somewhere, but where proved, and has so far remained, a mystery. For months the Treasury clerks have been making diligent search, without being able to discover what has become of the fourteen millions. They have vanished, and their disappearance is at least as great a miracle as their accumulation.—Pall Mall Gazette.

When two members of the class of 1900 meet the greeting is: "Hullo, old man!"

When two members of the class of '44 meet the salutation is: "Hullo, old boy!"—Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Elder. "I suppose your constitution pulled you through."

The Convalescent. "I suppose it did, ma'am; though from the doctor's bill you'd think he did it all."—Puck.

"The telephone is a great social factor."

"That's so. We wouldn't have called on those people next door at all if we hadn't wanted to use their telephone."—Chicago Record.

"I met you in Paris," said the distinguished looking foreigner.

"Oh, yes," replied the busy American. "Well, I'm sorry, but my last single daughter was married a week ago."—The Philadelphia North American.

"Rather than yield one cent to the fuel trust," he hissed, "I will perish of cold."

"But the undertakers' trust!" faltered his wife, who had been shivering silently in the corner.—The Detroit Journal.

Church—You say your son is in college?

Gotham—Yes.

Church—What are you fitting him for?

Gotham—A New York juror.—The Yonkers Statesman.

Nodd. "There are times when a man has to lie to his wife."

Todd. "And that isn't the worst of it."

"What is?"

"There are times when he has to tell the truth."—Brooklyn Life.

Miss Chicago. "Money talks, you know."

Miss Boston. "A vulgar apothegm; culture makes no concession to the loquacity of lucre."—Boston Courier.

First Wife—Have you any idea what your husband's income is?

Second Wife—Oh, most anywhere between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning.—The Boston Courier.

Salisbury—Well, Joseph, the worst has come to pass.

Chamberlain—Great heavens, speak! Has Billy Mason offered a resolution of sympathy for us?—The Chicago Times-Herald.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

You hear of a great many more things than you ever see.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable small and easy to take. Don't forget this.

An unconfirmed rumor never lives more than forty-eight hours.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

Powdered rice applied on lint will stop a bleeding wound.

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

Ammonia and water cleans mud off an umbrella.

It will surprise you—try it.

It is the medicine above all others for catarrh and is worth its weight in gold. Ely's Cream Balm does all that is claimed for it.—R. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn.

My son was afflicted with catarrh. He used Ely's Cream Balm and the disagreeable catarrh all left him.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

The Balm does not irritate or cause sneezing. Sold by druggists at 50 cts., or mailed by Ely Brothers, 56 Warren St., New York.

No man is competent to select a hired girl.

We think we can cure a bad case of Backache quicker with one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters, than by any other application, and after the back is be cured, you can still wear the plaster without discomfort for two weeks, or longer. This combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna is a great hit, and it is hard to find any pain or ache that will not yield to it. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

CASTORIA

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Churchby. "Does Mr. Thittdly belong to the advanced school of thought?"

Layman. "Well, I have heard him lift once; then he impressed me as belonging to the kindergarten."—Brooklyn Life.

Johnny. "Pa!"

Pa. "Yes."

Johnny. "Is an Indian reservation a place where the Indians are allowed to live until the white men want it?"—Puck.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
R. H. TILLEY, Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 13, 1900.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS, 1750-1800.

NEWPORT, (Town) January 28, 1779. Last Wednesday 3 companies of the Loyal Associated Refugees embarked, and the same night proceeded up the River, upon an expedition; but the severity of the weather, and extreme darkness of the night, drove one of their vessels ashore upon an Island near the Main, where they continued till the Saturday following, when by efforts of diligence and perseverance, she was got off. Being disappointed in their object, and receiving information of a large number of rebel horses which were on the Island of Prudence, they landed and took them off, to the number of 120, and returned with them to this place on Sunday Evening. The horses at this season of the year are estimated at 8000 dollars. This, with future levies, will afford some compensation for the property belonging to Refugees, which they have been deprived of by rebel Congresses, Assemblies and Committees.

The inhuman acts of the province of Massachusetts Bay, confiscating property, & banishing under pain of death, have raised such a flame as cannot easily be extinguished. The Refugees at New York are preparing to join their friends here, who have received every assurance of assistance and support from government, in carrying into execution their intended purposes. It is expected that this determined body of men will, in a very short time, amount to several thousand.—Connecticut Gazette March 12, 1779.

NEW LONDON, March 12, 1779. The Ticket No. 84,653 drew 20,000 Dollars in the States Lottery.

Capt. Bell, in a Sloop from Demarara, but last from an Eastern Port, arrived here since our last.

Wednesday last the ship Defence, Capt. Smedley, owned by this State, in returning from a Cruise in the Sound, unfortunately struck on Goshen Reef and bilged; she soon after overset so suddenly that (as it is said) some of the people in the hold were drowned. Her Guns and most of her stores are saved; but the vessel, it is tho't will be lost.

Died. At Southold, Long Island, in an advanced Age, Robert Hempsted, Esq., formerly of this Town.

LYME, Feb. 24, 1779. This Day died here, Capt. Elisha Miller, of this Town, in the 62d year of his age, and has left a sorrowful widow, but no children. He had a plentiful estate, great part of which he left to a public use. He was a separate Teacher for upwards of twenty years—was kind and charitable to the poor; and we trust has gone to reap the fruit of his Labours.—Connecticut Gazette.

PROVIDENCE, July 18, 1790. At Warren, Little Compton, and other towns in this State, and in every State from which we have heard, the natal day of American Independence was celebrated in a manner suited to the joyous occasion.

Wednesday next, the 17th of July, is to be celebrated by the young men of Boston, as the anniversary of our separation from France. Thomas Paine, A. M. has been chosen Orator for the day, and the Rev. Mr. Kirkland to perform the devotional duties.

On the 5th instant, the new ship of war Connecticut, in an attempt to heave her out at Middletown, overset and filled in 14 feet water.

Died. On Tuesday last, after a short but painful disorder, Capt. Joseph Crandall, aged 37 years. In him society have lost a valuable member, his friends a worthy acquaintance, his wife an affectionate husband, and his children a beloved and tender parent. His remains were interred in masonic form, and the funeral was attended by a numerous train of relatives and friends, by the brethren of Mount Vernon Lodge, of which he was an esteemed and highly valued member, and by many of the brethren of St. John's Lodge.

At Barrington, Capt. James Smith.

At Berkley County (State of New York) Mrs. Amey Low, consort of Major Samuel Low, formerly of this town.

At Baltimore, Christopher Sower, Esq; late Printer to his Britannic Majesty, from the city of St. John's, New Brunswick.

At the island of St. Thomas, in May last, on board the ship Enterprize, in the 24th year of his age, Mr. George Arnold, son of the late Mr. Job Arnold of Coventry—a very promising young man, and whose death is much regretted.

At St. Helena, on the 19th of May last, Capt. Edward Brown, late commander of the India ship Jenny.—Providence R. I. Gazette.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

FROM OLD NEWPORT MERCURYS.

(Continued.)

Sanford, Miss Abigail, died February 17, 1791, aged 63 years.

Sullivan, Hon. John, died at Durham, New Hampshire, February 10, 1795, aged 54 years.

Sowle, Nathaniel, of Newport, R. I., died at Wilmington, N. C., from a fall, February 10, 1795, aged 21 years.

Spencer, Ruth, daughter of Rufus, East Greenwich, R. I., died March 31, 1795.

Segar, Benjamin, and Phebe Peckham, of Timothy, South Kingstown, R. I., married April 14, 1795.

Southwick, Solomon and Jane Barber, married at Albany, New York, May 5, 1795.

Sheffield, John R., and Lydia Spencer, of late Silas, married at South Kingstown, R. I., June 9, 1795.

Sands, Ann, wife of Robert G., died at North Kingstown, R. I., July 14, 1795, aged 28 years.

Stevens, David, and Eliza White, married July 21, 1795.

Saltonstall, and Mr. Thomas, both of New London, Conn., died in the West Indies, July 21, 1795.

Seabury, Thomas Mumford, of Newport, R. I., died in the West Indies, June 10, 1795.

Spooner, Samuel, died August 25, 1795.

Stoddard, ——, died September, 22, 1795.

Sterry, Samuel Angell, of Providence, R. I., died at sea from a fall, October 6, 1795, aged 25 years.

Singleton, Captain Anthony, of Richmond, Virginia, died October 4, 1795, aged 41 years. MERCURY of October 6, 1795.

Shiffeeld, Captain Aaron, Jr., died at New York, October 4, 1795, aged 23 years. MERCURY of October 13, 1795.

Simpson, Elizabeth, wife of John, died October 13, 1795.

Simmons, Rebecca, widow of Joseph, Little Compton, R. I., died November 17, 1795, aged 90 years.

Sisson, George, Jr., and Eleanor Earl, Portsmouth, R. I., married December 1, 1795.

Shearman, Joseph and Betsey Sherman, of Richard, Portsmouth, R. I., married December 1, 1795.

Smith, Lemuel, Stonington, Connecticut, and Patty Shefield, of Nathaniel, South Kingstown, R. I., married December 1, 1795.

Shearman, Job, of Sampson, and Rebecca Anthony, of Isaac, all of Portsmouth, R. I., married December 9, 1795.

Smith, Samuel, and Polly Tears, of Benjamin, Newport, R. I., married February 9, 1796.

Spooner, Mary, wife of Hon. Walter, New Bedford, Mass., died February 9, 1796, aged 53 years.

Seabury, Rt. Rev. Dr. Samuel, of Connecticut and Rhode Island, died March 1, 1796.

Sanford, Resteome, Portsmouth, R. I., died March 21, 1796, aged 68 years.

Sheffield, Elizabeth, widow of Capt. Aaron, Middletown, R. I., died March 17, 1796, aged 85 years. MERCURY of April 26, 1796.

Slocum, Martha, widow of John, died June 14, 1796, aged 56 years.

Saltonstall, Captain Dudley, of New London, died in West Indies, July 10, 1796.

Sands, Phebe, eldest daughter of John, New Shoreham, died August 2, 1796.

Shaw, Dr. William, and Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, (maiden name Brenton) married at Wickford, R. I., October 16, 1796.

Sheffield, Captain Aaron, died at Leogane, November 1, 1796.

Sewall, Hon. Jonathan, Adm. Judge, St. John's, N. S., died November 8, 1796, aged 60 years.

Shearman, Lory, and Abigail Potter, of Robert, South Kingstown, R. I., married April 11, 1797.

Seamans, Nathan, Providence, R. I., died April 27, 1797, aged 34 years.

Sanford, Miss Rebecca, Newport, R. I., died May 2, 1797, aged 57 years.

Sexas, Rachel, widow, New York, died May 16, 1797, aged 77 years.

Shearman, Ruth, wife of Caleb, Portsmouth, R. I., died May 18, 1797.

Southwick, Henry C., Printer, and Mary Wool, New York City, married July 18, 1797.

Slocum, Hannah, wife of Matthew, Portsmouth, R. I., died August 15, 1797, aged 73 years.

Smith, Stephen, Jr., Bristol, R. I., died October 10, 1797.

Steere, Richard, Gloucester, R. I., Judge, etc., died October 31, 1797, aged 90 years.

Scudder, ——, widow, died November 21, 1797, aged 57 years.

Sisson, Barney, and Barbara Sisson, of Richard D. F., Portsmouth, R. I., married December 19, 1797.

Southwick, Solomon, Esq., former publisher of MERCURY, died Newport, R. I., December 23, 1797, aged 65 years.

Southwick, George, and Elizabeth Sewart, married at Newport, R. I., January 21, 1798.

Sayre, Rev. James, died at Fairfield, Conn., February 18, 1798.

Sayer, Captain Benjamin, died March 20, 1798, aged 55 years.

Strengthfield, Ruth, widow of Edward, Newport, R. I., died August 14, 1798, aged 44 years.

Sowle, Seabury, Providence, R. I., and Mrs. Mary Howard, of Bristol, England, married at Newport, R. I., August 14, 1798.

Springer, Sarah, wife of Captain Joseph, died at New York, September 4, 1798, aged 42 years.

Saltonstall, Richard, Esq., formerly of New London, Conn., died at New York, September 18, 1798.

Stewart, William, Merchant, New London, Conn., died September 18, 1798, aged 55 years.

Shaw, Josiah C., and Lydia Brown, both of Little Compton, R. I., married October 2, 1798.

Stall, Isaac, and Nancy Bentley, Newport, R. I., married October 16, 1798.

Strange, Lot, Portsmouth, R. I., died October 30, 1798, aged 67 years.

Slocum, Captain Pardon T., Newport R. I., died at sea, October 15, 1798, aged 32 years. MERCURY of October 30, 1798.

Stoddard, Captain Joshua, Newport, R. I., died October 26, 1798, aged 75 years. MERCURY of October 30, 1798.

Sanford, John, Newport, R. I., and Ruth Sisson, of Richard, Portsmouth, married November 22, 1798.

Stanhope, John, Newport, R. I., and Ann Lawrence, married at Rehoboth, Mass., December 18, 1798.

Stafford, Abraham, Tiverton, R. I., died January 1, 1799, aged 87 years.

Slocum, Matthew, Portsmouth, R. I., died January 1, 1799, aged 83 years.

Smith, Benjamin, Middletown, R. I., died January 9, 1799, aged 77 years.

Smith, Elizabeth, daughter of Benjamin, Middletown, R. I., died January 14, 1799, aged 51 years.

Sylvester, Kingsman, died January 25, 1799, aged 30 years.

Shrieve, Thomas, Portsmouth, R. I., died February 7, 1799, aged 76 years.

Simmons, Sarah, widow of Captain Remembrance, died April 18, 1799, aged 69 years.

Seixas, Abraham, Charlestown, R. I., died April 30, 1799.

Simmons, Edward and Sally Freeborn, of Henry, married June 18, 1799.

Seabury, Rev. Charles, and Ann Saltonstall, of Rosewell, Merchant, New London, Conn., married July 2, 1799.

Simpson, Thomas, and Patty Averill, of Ebenezer, Newport, R. I., married August 6, 1799.

Sheffield, Thomas, Newport, R. I., and Lydia Kelly, Barrington, married September 17, 1799.

Shearman, Thomas, of James, South Kingstown, R. I., died September 24, 1799.

Sheldon, Christopher, Providence, R. I., died November 19, 1799, aged 67 years.

Smith, Stephen, Esq., Judge, Bristol, R. I., died December 3, 1799.

Senter, Dr. Isaac, Newport, R. I., died December 24, 1799, aged 45 years.

Turner, Captain Christopher, a noted innholder, died at Portsmouth, R. I., last Tuesday sennight, between 80 and 90 years old. MERCURY of August 25, 1769.

Tweedy, Mr. Nathaniel, of Newport, R. I., eldest son of Dr. John Tweedy, of Newport, died last Monday sennight at Philadelphia, Penn. MERCURY of November 14, 1769.

Thurston, Jonathan, and Peggy Sweet, of Capt. Samuel, married June 24, 1771.

Townsend, William, and Jerusha Blowers, married last Sunday sennight. MERCURY of September 9, 1771.

Tripp, Thomas, and Penelope Wilbur, married last Thursday. MERCURY of September 16, 1771.

Thomas, Rev. John, Pastor Congregational Church, Charleston, South Carolina, died September 27, 1771, at New York, aged 27 years.

Tillinghast, Mrs., wife of Philip, Newport, R. I., died February 8, 1773.

Taylor, Mrs., lately arrived from Jamaica, died February 8, 1773, aged 89 years.

Taber, Constant, and Frances Gardner, of William, Newport, R. I., married February 21, 1773.

Townsend, Mrs., wife of Rev. Solomon, Barrington, R. I., died August 16, 1773.

Tribey, Mrs., wife of Samuel, Newport, R. I., died August 23, 1773.

Toman, Captain John, and Patty Newton, of Captain Simon, Newport, R. I., married November 21, 1773.

Tayer, Mrs., Newport, R. I., died January 3, 1774.

Taylor, Peter, and Polly Butler, of Samuel, Esq., married at Providence, R. I., February 17, 1774.

Taylor, Captain Thomas T., Newport, R. I., died last Thursday. MERCURY of April 25, 1774.

Tuckerman, Mrs. Miriam, died, "upward of 90 years." MERCURY of May 16, 1774.

Tabor, Constant, died Newport, R. I., August 23, 1774.

Treville, Sir John, Kt. of Malta, Captain of Cavalry in H. M. Christian Majesty Service, and Abigail Stoneman, of Newport, R. I., married at Hampton, August 28, 1774.

Tillinghast, Captain Jonathan, died suddenly December 6, 1774, aged 76 years.

Tanner, Captain William, and Nancy Stevens, of William, Newport, R. I., married December 19, 1774.

Trip, Steven, Newport, R. I., died April 17, 1785, aged 60 years.

Tillinghast, Captain Philip, died August 28, 1775, aged 83 years, at Newport, R. I.

Tillinghast, Dr. William, and Sally Holmes, of John, Middletown, R. I., married last Monday. MERCURY of January 1, 1776.

Tanner, James, late of Newport, R. I., died at Worcester, Mass., May 11, 1782.

Tweedy, William, Newport, R. I., died May 23, 1782, aged 45.

Tillinghast, Nicholas Haris, and Sally Almy, eldest daughter of Captain Benjamin, Newport, R. I., married June 1, 1782.

Thurston, Edward, son of Captain John, Portsmouth, R. I., died at his sister, Mrs. Champlin's, July 27, 1782.

Taylor, Ruth, of late Robert, and John Easton, Jr., Newport, R. I., married September 28, 1782.

Thurston, Elizabeth, widow of Edward, Newport, R. I., died April 26, 1783.

Toman, Mary, wife of Captain Draper, Newport, R. I., died April 26, 1783.

Thurston, Samuel, and Polly Lauders, of John, Newport, R. I., married August 9, 1783.

Thompson, Samuel, Providence, R. I., and Betsey Coddington, of late William, Newport, married November 8, 1783.

Thurber, Samuel, Sr., Providence, R. I., died December 26, 1783, aged 85 years.

To be continued.

QUERIES.

993. SAUNDERS—In Arnold's Vital Records of Rhode Island, Smithfield, is the following: "Eleek Saunders, of Johnston, son of Henry, deceased, and Abigail Angell, of Christopher, married January 11, 1778, by Rev. Samuel Winsor." Who was this Henry Saunders, and from whom was he descended?

In the Genealogical Dictionary of Rhode Island, by J. C. Austin, there is a list of the five children of Tobias and Mary (Clarke) Saunders, of Westerly, R. I. The second son, Edward, has eight children, the eldest, Edward, being born in 1703. Can any one give me the name of the wife of the Edward who was born in 1703, and a complete list of his children?—M. C. H.

994. WAIT—John Weight married, at North Kingstown, R. I., February 27, 1723, Sarah Smith, and had Alice, Lydia, Eunice and Son. Who were the parents of this Sarah Smith?—G.

995. HYDE—Mathew Hyde, son of John Hyde, born April 28, 1711, at Norwich, Conn., married for first wife, Elizabeth Huntington. My record says he was Captain Mathew Hyde. What gave him the title? Was he a Captain in the Revolutionary war?—C. J. C.

996. WILLIAMS—I am very anxious to find out who Charlotte Williams was. She married in 1797, David Newell, son of David Newell, of Wrentham, Mass. Charlotte had a sister Ann, who married John Keene, of Rhode Island. Ann had two daughters, Ann and Charlotte. Ann married a Dexter, for first husband, and for second husband, —— Parish. Had children of both names. They lived in Pawtucket a few years ago. I should be glad to hear from any of the descendants of Dexter or Parish or Parrish.—C. J. C.

997. FAIRFIELD—Information is desired concerning Daniel Fairfield, who married in Oxford, Mass., in 1746, Mary Moore, daughter of Collins and Bathsheba (Wood) Moore, of Oxford, and removed to Vassalboro, Maine, about 1770. He may belong to the Rhode Island family of Fairfield.

A. F. MOODY,
97 Emery Street,
Portland, Maine.

998. DOWNER—Can any one tell me the connection, if there was one, between Silas Downer, who was living in Providence in 1774, and Sarah Downer, who lived in Newport just before that time.—E. M. T.

999. BOSS—Thomas Brownell Tanner, born May 23, 1780, married Hannah Boss, born 1775. What was her ancestry?—R. D.

1000. BROWNELL—Josiah Tanner, born June 10, 1734, married July 17, 1769, Phebe Brownell, born May 20, 1749. Who were her parents?—R. D.

1001. BURDICK—Who was Joshua Burdick, who married Elizabeth Burch, daughter of Billings Burch, and his wife Susanna Bently? Susanna Bently was born 1750, married November 18, 1771. They were of Hopkinton and Westerly, R. I.—W. S.

1002. MACKEE—Who was Bathsheba ——, wife of John Mackee? They had a daughter Bathsheba, who married Ichabod Burdick, an officer in the Revolutionary War.—W. S.

1003. BORDEN, COGGESHALL—Benjamin Borden, of Freetown, Mass., married Patience ——. Who was she and where did she come from? They had a son Benjamin, who married 1792, Mary Peabody, of Joseph and Barbara (Coggeshall) Peabody. Who were her parents? Was she a descendant of President John Coggeshall?—C. L.

1004. DONOR. DUNN—Who were Thomas Dodge and Caty Dunn, of New Shoreham, R. I., who were married 1759? Any information regarding their parents gladly received.—I. D.

1005. MAXSON, ROGERS—John Maxson, of Westerly, R. I., was a private in the Revolutionary War. His parents were, I think, John Maxson and Lucy Rogers. Can any one prove or disprove this theory, and if it is not correct, give me the names of his parents?—I. D.

1006. SHRIEVE—Daniel Shrieve, probably of Newport, R. I., married Mary Greene, and had a daughter Sarah, who married John Maxson, of Westerly. Can any one tell me the ancestry of Daniel Shrieve and his wife Mary Greene?—I. D.

1007. NORTON, TILLINGHAST—Who was Avis ——, who married Benjamin Norton, and had a daughter Avis, who married Pardon Tillinghast, of East Greenwich, R. I.?—S. M.

1008. BROWNELL, HAZARD—Were John Brownell and his wife Mary Borden the parents of Abigail Brownell, who was born February 12, 1745, and married Oliver Hazard, of Little Compton, R. I. Who was he? Any information regarding either or both of these people gladly received.—B. A.

1009. POOR—Samuel Johnson was Colonel of the 4th Massachusetts regiment during the Revolutionary War. He married Elizabeth Gage, and had a son Phineas Johnson, who married Hannah Poor. Can any one give me her parentage?—W. T.

1010. MASON—Dorothy Mason was the wife of Joseph Marsh, first Lieutenant Governor of Vermont, 1778. Who were her parents? Can any one give me the dates of her birth, marriage, and death?—H. K.

1011. HOVEY, PECKHAM—Who was Ann Hovey, wife of Enos Peckham, a Revolutionary soldier of Rhode Island? What was his parentage?—R. A.

1012. SEABURY—Philip Seabury of Little Compton, R. I., married Sarah ——. What was her maiden name, and who were her parents? They had a son Cornelius, born May 2, 1769, married Mary Gray, daughter of Col. Pardon. Did Philip Seabury serve in the Revolutionary War?—M. D.

1013. BULL, CARD—Who was Hannah Bull, who married August 27, 1724, Job Card, of South Kingstown, R. I.? What was his ancestry?—C. A.

1014. BROWN, LILLIBRIDGE—Jeremiah Brown married Hannah ——, of South Kingstown, R. I. Who was Hannah ——, and who was he? Any information in regard to the ancestry of both, desired. Their son Jeremiah married Eleanor Lillibridge. Can any one tell me who she was? She may have come from Exeter.—R. D. A.

ANSWERS.

975. TURNER—I think if F. R. who wrote query 975, would write to Will Turner, East street, of Amherst, Massachusetts, he might be able to find something of interest. I lived in Pelham several years ago, and knew of Turners there then. One married John Willis; another married George Roberts, I think. There are Turners in Foxboro, Mass., two families that I know of—Saul Turner and Willard Turner, and perhaps they could be of help to F. R.—C. J. C.

980. RING, HOPKINS—Mary, daughter of Andrew Ring, married John Morton, of John, of George. She was his second wife.—D. D.

Boston Store.

ANNUAL CLEARING SALE.

Colored and Black Silks.

If we are to judge by variety and beauty of assortment the silk sale this year will surpass all our previous efforts. Never have we shown such excellent values for the prices quoted.

LOT NO. 1.

Consists of a hundred or more pieces of Silk, no two pieces alike. Plain and fancy silks, in an endless variety of styles and colorings, some black included, such as Taffeta, and Gros Grains, India Twill, etc. The regular prices of the silks in this lot range from 50c. to $1, and they are to be sold at the ridiculous price of

25 cents a yard.

LOT NO. 2.

In this lot will be included Black Brocade Silks in a great variety of designs, large and small figures, printed India Silks, in black, navy blue and colored grounds, fancy Taffetas in light and dark effects. The variety comprised in this lot is so extensive that the mere scribbling of words cannot convey a correct idea of its magnitude. Some idea of the values may be gathered from the fact that the regular prices range from 75c to $1; sale price

39c a yard.

LOT NO. 3.

It is hardly necessary for us to enter into lengthy details in regard to any of these lots, as the merits of the Silks advertised at these annual sales are already well known to the ladies of Newport. We may say, however, that some of the most desirable silks in our stock will be found in this lot. It would be hard to name a fashionable silk, plain or fancy, that cannot be found in this assortment. Regular prices from $1 to $1.50; sale price

50c a yard

LOT NO. 4.

Black will be conspicuous in this lot, consisting as it does of black Armure Silks, Black Gros Grains, Black Swiss Taffetas, and the queenly Black "Peau de Sole." Printed French Foulard Silks will also be a feature of this lot, and hundreds of waist and dress lengths superb in quality and elegant in design. Regular prices $1.25 to $2; sale price

69c a yard

Household Linens.

54-inch Unbleached Table Damask, in a great variety of small designs, heavy, substantial quality, entirely free from dressing. Regular price 35c; sale price

25c a yard.

68-inch Pure Linen, Extra Heavy, Soft-Finish, Unbleached Scotch Table Damask. Regular price 60c; sale price

39c a yard.

66-inch All-Linen, Soft-finish, Silver-Flax Damask, a variety of designs to select from. Regular price 65c; sale price

50c a yard.

66-inch Half-Bleached Damask, soft finish, entirely free from Starch or dressing of any kind; various designs. Regular price 75c; sale price

59c a yard

10-inch Bleached Satin-Finished Damask, in a variety of designs that are much sought for, such as hollyhock, ivy and shamrock, ivy leaf, coin spot, honeysuckle. Regular price 60c a yard; sale price

39c a yard

200 Dozen Linen Towels, in a variety of kinds, including hemmed oatmeal, fringed damask, hemmed damask, hemmed huckaback and hemstitched huckaback. Regular prices 25c to 35c; sale price

19c each

Linen Huck Towels, size 17x36, hemmed and ready for use, white and also colored borders. This towel was recently considered a decided bargain at 12½c; sale price

10c each

Huckaback Towels, all pure linen, hemmed and also fringed ends, colored borders (only size 20x38). Regular price 15c; sale price

12 1-2c each

Linen Damask Table Napkins, various designs, large and small effects, fast selvedge edges. Regular price $1.25; sale price

98c dozen

Linen Damask Table Napkins, grass bleach, various patterns, size 22x22. Regular price $1.75; sale price

$1.50 a dozen

Blankets and Comforters.

Full size Wool Blankets, heavy, substantial quality, well adapted for winter use. Borders red, blue, yellow and pink. Regular price $2.50; sale price

$1.98 a pair.

Chintz Covered Bed Comforters, filled with pure white, thoroughly cleansed, odorless cotton, various colors, light and dark effects; size 72x78. This is considered an excellent comforter for $1.25, but for the sale we make them

98c each.

11-4 Wool Blankets, thick, woolly, warm, made of fine cape wool, various colored borders. Regular price $5; sale price

$3.98 a pair

We also place on sale a small lot of Percale-Covered Comforters, in dark colors only, which have been considered excellent value for $1.75, we make this lot

$1.25 each

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, November 30, A. D. 1899.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 1117, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the seventh day of October, A. D. 1899, and returnable to the said Court, January 8, A. D. 1900, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the eighth day of August, A. D. 1899, in favor of Joanna C. Weaver, Executrix of the last will and testament of James L. Weaver, of said Newport, plaintiff, and gainst Frederick S. T. Caswell, of said Newport, defendant, I have this day at 20 minutes past 4 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant Frederick S. T. Caswell had on the 17th day of September, A. D. 1898, at 12 minutes past 4 o'clock p. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ,) in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded and described as follows: on the North, by Cherry street; East, by W. and R. P. Hamilton estate; West, by Caswell and Young estate; South, on lands of Caswell, being the estate formerly of Lewis H. Caswell, late of Newport, died seized, or however otherwise the same may bounded or described,

and

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the **6th day of February, A. D. 1900, at 11 o'clock a. m.,** for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses if sufficient.

HUGH N. GIFFORD,
1-13-1w Deputy Sheriff.

NOTICE.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executrix of the last will and testament of THOMAS W. KEMPTON, late of Little Compton, R. I., deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of said Little Compton, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof

MARY J. KEMPTON,
12-30 Executrix.

Christmas Presents.

BOOTS, SHOES, RUBBERS AND SLIPPERS.

EXAMINE OUR LARGE STOCK.

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.,
NEWPORT, R. I.

National Bank of Rhode Island.

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 9, 1900.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the stockholders of this Bank, held this Instant, the following gentlemen were elected Directors for the ensuing year:

Frederick Tompkins, H. Audley Clarke,
Thomas Dunn, Theodore K. Gibbs,
H. A. C. Taylor, Angus McLeod,
Thomas P. Peckham, Jeremiah W. Horton,
George R. Chase.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors held the same day the following officers were elected: Frederick Tompkins, President; Thomas P. Peckham, Cashier; John P. Peckham, Teller; Arthur H. Popple, Clerk; Miss Bertha Peckham, Book-keeper.

T. P. PECKHAM,
1-13 Cashier

First National Bank.

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 9, 1900.

AT A MEETING of the stockholders held this day the following gentlemen were elected directors:

T. Mumford Seabury, Philip Rider,
John S. Laugley, George C. Carr,
William L. Sisson, Francis S. Barker,
Charles A. Brackett.

At a meeting of the directors held the same day Mr. T. M. Seabury was elected President; Nath'l R. Swinburne, Cashier, Edward L. Spencer, Teller, and David P. Easterbrooks, Clerk.

NATH'L R. SWINBURNE,
1-13 Cashier.

Newport National Bank.

Newport, R. I., January 9, 1900.

AT THE ANNUAL MEETING of the Stockholders, held this day, the following gentlemen were elected directors for the year ensuing:

Henry Bull, Jr., William E. Dennis,
William Bailey, Henry C. Stevens,
David Coggeshall, Grant P. Taylor,
Albert K. Sherman.

At a meeting of the directors, held the same day, the following officers were unanimously re-elected:

Henry Bull, Jr., President; Henry C. Stevens, Cashier; Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Teller; William Stevens, Assistant Teller.

H. C. STEVENS, Cashier.

National Exchange Bank.

NEWPORT, R. I., Jan. 9, 1900.

AT A MEETING of the stockholders of this bank held this day the following gentlemen were elected directors:

Edward A. Brown, G. B. Reynolds,
Perry G. Case, Edward S. Peckham,
David Braman, Fred B. Coggeshall.

At a subsequent meeting of the directors held the same day the following officers were elected: Edward A. Brown, President; Perry G. Case, Vice President; George H. Proud, Cashier; Everett S. Greason, Teller; Harold R. Chase, Clerk.

GEO. H. PROUD,
1-13 Cashier.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

Proposals For Fuel.

SEALED PROPOSALS will be received by the Committee on Public Property, at the City Clerk's Office, City Hall, until Tuesday, January 16, 1900, at 5 o'clock P. M., for furnishing and delivering the following described Fuel for the City Hall, Police Station, and the overseers of the Poor, during the remainder of the present municipal year, viz:

White Ash Egg, Stove and Chestnut Coal, per ton, of 2,240 pounds.
Maple Wood (stick) per cord.
Kindlings, per box.

To be delivered in such quantities and at such places as may be required from time to time.

The right is reserved to reject any or all proposals.

By order of the Committee on Public Property,

JOSEPH HAIRE, Chairman.
Newport, R. I., January 4, 1900—3-13

1900.

Diaries and Calendars

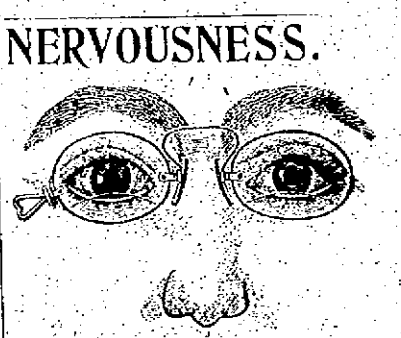
For 1900.

NOTICE.

On and after Jan. 1, 1900, our shop will close at 6 o'clock p. m., Saturdays excepted, till May 1, 1900.

GEO. H. CARR.
DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

NERVOUSNESS.



There are hundreds of cases of Nervousness that are caused by a defect of the eyes. The constant strain and effort necessary in seeing distinctly is irritating and confusing. Keeping it up day after day will make the best natured person nervous and fretful. There is too much to contend with. There is either a dull tired feeling in the head, or else there is actual headache. Reading, writing or working seems a burden. If glasses are correctly fitted and adjusted they will take off all the strain and overwork and the eyes will feel cool and refreshed and the dull feeling in the head disappears. Eyes examined free by a Graduate Optician. Prescriptions filled at

H. A. HEATH & CO.

JEWELERS and OPTICIANS.

162 THAMES STREET.

At the Court of Probate of the City of Newport, in Rhode Island, holden on Tuesday, the 26th day of December, A. D. 1899, at 10 o'clock a. m.

ON THE PETITION, in writing, of Fletcher Randolph and Belle M. Randolph, presented this day, praying that an instrument in writing presented therewith, purporting to be the last will and testament of

WARREN RANDOLPH,

late of Newport, deceased, may be proved, approved, allowed and recorded, and that letters testamentary on the estate of said deceased may be granted to Belle M. Randolph, one of the Executors named therein; Fletcher Randolph, the other Executor named in said will, having, in writing, declined said trust.

It is ordered that the consideration of said petition be referred to Monday, the 15th day of January, A. D. 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Probate Office in the City Hall, Newport, and that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by advertisement in the *Newport Mercury*, once a week at least, for fourteen days.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
12-30 Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., December 18, A. D. 1899.

JOEL PECKHAM, the Administrator with the will annexed on the estate of

FREDERICK A. LAWTON,

late of said Middletown deceased, presents to this Court his first account therewith, which account contains a credit of the proceeds of the sale of land formerly belonging to said deceased, together with his petition in writing, praying that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded, and for an order from this Court to distribute the balance in his hands as due to said estate, among the creditors of said Frederick A. Lawton, who have proved their claims before the Commissioners appointed to examine the same.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account and petition be referred to the Court of Probate to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday, the fifteenth day of January next, A. D. 1900, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
12-23 Probate Clerk.

Court of Probate, Middletown, R. I., December 18, A. D. 1899.

LYMAN H. BARKER, the Administrator on the estate of

WILLIAM PECKHAM,

late of said Middletown, deceased, presents to this Court his second and final account therewith, and thereon prays that said account may be examined, allowed and recorded.

It is ordered that the consideration of said account be referred to the Court of Probate, to be held at the Town Hall in said Middletown, on Monday the fifteenth day of January next, A. D., 1900, at one o'clock p. m., and that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week at least, in the *Newport Mercury*.

ALBERT L. CHASE,
12-23 Probate Clerk.